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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXXV.

ONE afternoon, towards dusk, in the autumn of 1876, a young man of pleasing appearance rang at the door of a small apartment on the third floor of an old Roman house. On its being opened he inquired for Madame Merle, whereupon the servant, a neat, plain woman, with a French face and a lady's maid's manner, ushered him into a diminutive drawing-room and requested the favour of his name.

"Mr. Edward Rosier," said the young man, who sat down to wait till his hostess should appear.

The reader will perhaps not have forgotten that Mr. Rosier was an ornament of the American circle in Paris, but it may also be remembered that he sometimes vanished from its horizon. He had spent a portion of several winters at Pau, and as he was a gentleman of tolerably inveterate habits he might have continued for years to pay his annual visit to this charming resort. In the summer of 1876, however, an incident befell him which changed the current, not only of his thoughts, but of his proceedings. He passed a month in the Upper Engadine, and encountered at St. Moritz a charming young girl. For this young lady he conceived a peculiar admiration; she was exactly the household angel he had long been looking for. He was never precipitate;

he was nothing if not discreet; so he forbore for the present to declare his passion; but it seemed to him when they parted—the young lady to go down into Italy, and her admirer to proceed to Geneva, where he was under bonds to join some friends—that he should be very unhappy if he were not to see her again. The simplest way to do so was to go in the autumn to Rome, where Miss Osmond was domiciled with her family. Rosier started on his pilgrimage to the Italian capital and reached it on the first of November. It was a pleasant thing to do; but for the young man there was a strain of the heroic in the enterprise. He was nervous about the fever, and November, after all, was rather early in the season. Fortune, however, favours the brave; and Mr. Rosier, who took three grains of quinine every day, had at the end of a month no cause to deplore his temerity. He had made to a certain extent good use of his time; that is, he had perceived that Miss Pansy Osmond had not a flaw in her composition. She was admirably finished—she was in excellent style. He thought of her in amorous meditation a good deal as he might have thought of a Dresden-china shepherdess. Miss Osmond, indeed, in the bloom of her juvenility, had a touch of the rococo, which Rosier, whose taste was predominantly for that manner, could

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

not fail to appreciate. That he esteemed the productions of comparatively frivolous periods would have been apparent from the attention he bestowed upon Madame Merle's drawing room, which, although furnished with specimens of every style, was especially rich in articles of the last two centuries. He had immediately put a glass into one eye and looked round; and then—"By Jove! she has some jolly good things!" he had murmured to himself. The room was small, and densely filled with furniture; it gave an impression of faded silk and little statuettes which might totter if one moved. Rosier got up and wandered about with his careful tread, bending over the tables charged with knickknacks and the cushions embossed with princely arms. When Madame Merle came in she found him standing before the fire-place, with his nose very close to the great lace flounce attached to the damask cover of the mantel. He had lifted it delicately, as if he were smelling it.

"It's old Venetian," she said; "it's rather good."

"It's too good for this; you ought to wear it."

"They tell me you have some better in Paris, in the same situation."

"Ah, but I can't wear mine," said Rosier, smiling.

"I don't see why you shouldn't! I have better lace than that to wear."

Rosier's eyes wandered, lingeringly, round the room again.

"You have some very good things."

"Yes, but I hate them."

"Do you want to get rid of them?" the young man asked quickly.

"No, it's good to have something to hate; one works it off."

"I love my things," said Rosier, as he sat there smiling. "But it's not about them—nor about yours, that I came to talk to you." He paused a moment, and then, with greater softness—"I care more for Miss Osmond than for all the *bibelots* in Europe!"

Madame Merle started a little.

"Did you come to tell me that?"

"I came to ask your advice."

She looked at him with a little frown, stroking her chin.

"A man in love, you know, doesn't ask advice."

"Why not, if he is in a difficult position? That's often the case with a man in love. I have been in love before, and I know. But never so much as this time—really, never so much. I should like particularly to know what you think of my prospects. I'm afraid Mr. Osmond doesn't think me a phenix."

"Do you wish me to intercede?" Madame Merle asked, with her fine arms folded, and her mouth drawn up to the left.

"If you could say a good word for me, I should be greatly obliged. There will be no use in my troubling Miss Osmond unless I have good reason to believe her father will consent."

"You are very considerate; that's in your favour. But you assume, in rather an off-hand way, that I think you a prize."

"You have been very kind to me," said the young man. "That's why I came."

"I am always kind to people who have good *bibelots*; there is no telling what one may get by it."

And the left hand corner of Madame Merle's mouth gave expression to the joke.

Edward Rosier stared and blushed; his correct features were suffused with disappointment.

"Ah, I thought you liked me for myself!"

"I like you very much; but, if you please, we won't analyse. Excuse me if I seem patronising; but I think you a perfect little gentleman. I must tell you, however, that I have not the marrying of Pansy Osmond."

"I didn't suppose that. But you have seemed to me intimate with her family, and I thought you might have influence."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Whom do you call her family?"

"Why, her father; and—how do

you say it in English?—her *belle-mère*."

"Mr. Osmond is her father, certainly; but his wife can scarcely be termed a member of her family. Mrs. Osmond has nothing to do with marrying her."

"I am sorry for that," said Rosier, with an amiable sigh. "I think Mrs. Osmond would favour me."

"Very likely—if her husband does not."

Edward Rosier raised his eyebrows.

"Does she take the opposite line from him?"

"In everything. They think very differently."

"Well," said Rosier, "I am sorry for that; but it's none of my business. She is very fond of Pansy."

"Yes, she is very fond of Pansy."

"And Pansy has a great affection for her. She has told me that she loves her as if she were her own mother."

"You must, after all, have had some very intimate talk with the poor child," said Madame Merle. "Have you declared your sentiments?"

"Never!" cried Rosier, lifting his neatly-gloved hand. "Never, until I have assured myself of those of the parents."

"You always wait for that? You have excellent principles; your conduct is most estimable."

"I think you are laughing at me," poor Rosier murmured, dropping back in his chair, and feeling his small moustache. "I didn't expect that of you, Madame Merle."

She shook her head calmly, like a person who saw things clearly.

"You don't do me justice. I think your conduct is in excellent taste and the best you could adopt. Yes, that's what I think."

"I wouldn't agitate her—only to agitate her; I love her too much for that," said Ned Rosier.

"I am glad, after all, that you have told me," Madame Merle went on. "Leave it to me a little; I think I can help you."

"I said you were the person to come to!" cried the young man, with an ingenuous radiance in his face.

"You were very clever," Madame Merle returned, more drily. "When I say I can help you, I mean once assuming that your cause is good. Let us think a little whether it is."

"I'm a dear little fellow," said Rosier, earnestly. "I won't say I have no faults, but I will say I have no vices."

"All that is negative. What is the positive side? What have you got besides your Spanish lace and your Dresden tea-cups?"

"I have got a comfortable little fortune—about forty thousand francs a year. With the talent that I have for arranging, we can live beautifully on such an income."

"Beautifully, no. Sufficiently, yes. Even that depends on where you live."

"Well, in Paris. I would undertake it in Paris."

Madame Merle's mouth rose to the left.

"It wouldn't be splendid; you would have to make use of the tea-cups, and they would get broken."

"We don't want to be splendid. If Miss Osmond should have everything pretty, it would be enough. When one is as pretty as she, one can afford to be simple. She ought never to wear anything but muslin," said Rosier, reflectively.

"She would be much obliged to you for that theory."

"It's the correct one, I assure you; and I am sure she would enter into it. She understands all that; that's why I love her."

"She is a very good little girl, and extremely graceful. But her father, to the best of my belief, can give her nothing."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"I don't in the least desire that he should. But I may remark, all the same, that he lives like a rich man."

"The money is his wife's; she brought him a fortune."

"Mrs. Osmond, then, is very fond of her step-daughter; she may do something."

"For a love-sick swain you have your eyes about you!" Madame Merle exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I esteem a *dot* very much. I can do without it, but I esteem it."

"Mrs. Osmond," Madame Merle went on, "will probably prefer to keep her money for her own children."

"Her own children? Surely she has none."

"She may have yet. She had a poor little boy, who died two years ago, six months after his birth. Others, therefore, may come."

"I hope they will, if it will make her happy. She is a splendid woman."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Ah, about her there is much to be said. Splendid as you like! We have not exactly made out that you are a *parti*. The absence of vices is hardly a source of income."

"Excuse me, I think it may be," said Rosier, with his persuasive smile.

"You'll be a touching couple, living on your innocence!"

"I think you underrate me."

"You are not so innocent as that? Seriously," said Madame Merle, "of course forty thousand francs a year and a nice character are a combination to be considered. I don't say it's to be jumped at; but there might be a worse offer. Mr. Osmond will probably incline to believe he can do better."

"He can do so, perhaps; but what can his daughter do? She can't do better than marry the man she loves. For she does, you know," Rosier added, eagerly.

"She does—I know it."

"Ah," cried the young man, "I said you were the person to come to."

"But I don't know how you know it, if you haven't asked her," Madame Merle went on.

"In such a case there is no need of asking and telling; as you say, we are an innocent couple. How did *you* know it?"

"I who am not innocent? By being

very crafty. Leave it to me; I will find out for you."

Rosier got up, and stood smoothing his hat.

"You say that rather coldly. Don't simply find out how it is, but try to make it as it should be."

"I will do my best. I will try to make the most of your advantages."

"Thank you so very much. Meanwhile, I will say a word to Mrs. Osmond."

"*Gardez-vous, en bien!*" And Madame Merle rose, rapidly. "Don't set her going, or you'll spoil everything."

Rosier gazed into his hat; he wondered whether his hostess had been after all the right person to come to.

"I don't think I understand you. I am an old friend of Mrs. Osmond, and I think she would like me to succeed."

"Be an old friend as much as you like; the more old friends she has the better, for she doesn't get on very well with some of her new. But don't for the present try to make her take up the cudgels for you. Her husband may have other views, and, as a person who wishes her well, I advise you not to multiply points of difference between them."

Poor Rosier's face assumed an expression of alarm; a suit for the hand of Pansy Osmond was even a more complicated business than his taste for proper transitions had allowed. But the extreme good sense which he concealed under a surface suggesting sprigged porcelain, came to his assistance.

"I don't see that I am bound to consider Mr. Osmond so much!" he exclaimed.

"No, but you should consider her. You say you are an old friend. Would you make her suffer?"

"Not for the world."

"Then be very careful, and let the matter alone until I have taken a few soundings."

"Let the matter alone, dear Madame Merle? Remember that I am in love."

"Oh, you won't burn up. Why did you come to me, if you are not to heed what I say?"

"You are very kind; I will be very good," the young man promised. "But I am afraid Mr. Osmond is rather difficult," he added, in his mild voice, as he went to the door.

Madame Merle gave a light laugh.

"It has been said before. But his wife is not easy either."

"Ah, she's a splendid woman!"

Ned Rosier repeated, passing out.

He resolved that his conduct should be worthy of a young man who was already a model of discretion; but he saw nothing in any pledge he had given Madame Merle that made it improper he should keep himself in spirits by an occasional visit to Miss Osmond's home. He reflected constantly on what Madame Merle had said to him, and turned over in his mind the impression of her somewhat peculiar manner. He had gone to her *de confiance*, as they said in Paris; but it was possible that he had been precipitate. He found difficulty in thinking of himself as rash—he had incurred this reproach so rarely; but it certainly was true that he had known Madame Merle only for the last month, and that his thinking her a delightful woman was not, when one came to look into it, a reason for assuming that she would be eager to push Pansy Osmond into his arms—gracefully arranged as these members might be to receive her. Beyond this, Madame Merle had been very gracious to him, and she was a person of consideration among the girl's people, where she had a rather striking appearance (Rosier had more than once wondered how she managed it), of being intimate without being familiar. But possibly he had exaggerated these advantages. There was no particular reason why she should take trouble for him; a charming woman was charming to every one, and Rosier felt rather like a fool when he thought of his appealing to Madame Merle on the ground that she had distinguished

him. Very likely—though she had appeared to say it in joke—she was really only thinking of his *bibelots*. Had it come into her head that he might offer her two or three of the gems of his collection? If she would only help him to marry Miss Osmond, he would present her with his whole museum. He could hardly say so to her outright; it would seem too gross a bribe. But he should like her to believe it.

It was with these thoughts that he went again to Mrs. Osmond's, Mrs. Osmond having an "evening"—she had taken the Thursday of each week—when his presence could be accounted for on general principles of civility. The object of Mr. Rosier's well-regulated affection dwelt in a high house in the very heart of Rome; a dark and massive structure, overlooking a sunny *piazzetta* in the neighbourhood of the Farnese Palace. In a palace, too, little Pansy lived—a palace in Roman parlance, but a dungeon to poor Rosier's apprehensive mind. It seemed to him of evil omen that the young lady he wished to marry, and whose fastidious father he doubted of his ability to conciliate, should be imurred in a kind of domestic fortress, which bore a stern old Roman name, which smelt of historic deeds, of crime, and craft, and violence, which was mentioned in *Murray*, and visited by tourists who looked disappointed and depressed, and which had frescoes by Caravaggio in the *piano nobile* and a row of mutilated statues and dusty urns in the wide, nobly-arched loggia overlooking the damp court where a fountain gushed out of a niche. In a less pre-occupied frame of mind he could have done justice to the Palazzo Roccanera; he could have entered into the sentiment of Mrs. Osmond, who had once told him that on settling themselves in Rome she and her husband chose this habitation for the love of local colour. It had local colour enough, and though he knew less about architecture than about Limoges enamel, he could see that the

proportions of the windows, and even the details of the cornice, had quite the grand air. But Rosier was haunted by the conviction that at picturesque periods young girls had been shut up there to keep them from their true loves, and, under the threat of being thrown into convents, had been forced into unholy marriages. There was one point, however, to which he always did justice when once he found himself in Mrs. Osmond's warm, rich-looking reception-rooms, which were on the second floor. He acknowledged that these people were very strong in *bille-lots*. It was a taste of Osmond's own—not at all of hers; this she had told him the first time he came to the house, when, after asking himself for a quarter of an hour whether they had better things than he, he was obliged to admit that they had, very much, and vanquished his envy, as a gentleman should, to the point of expressing to his hostess his pure admiration of her treasures. He learned from Mrs. Osmond that her husband had made a large collection before their marriage, and that, though he had obtained a number of fine pieces within the last three years, he had got his best things at a time when he had not the advantage of her advice. Rosier interpreted this information according to principles of his own. For "advice" read "money," he said to himself; and the fact that Gilbert Osmond had landed his great prizes during his impetuous season, confirmed his most cherished doctrine—the doctrine that a collector may freely be poor if he be only patient. In general, when Rosier presented himself on a Thursday evening, his first glance was bestowed upon the walls of the room; there were three or four objects that his eyes really yearned for. But after his talk with Madame Merle he felt the extreme seriousness of his position; and now, when he came in, he looked about for the daughter of the house with such eagerness as might be permitted to a gentleman who always crossed a threshold with an optimistic smile.

XXXVI.

PANSY was not in the first of the rooms, a large apartment with a concave ceiling and walls covered with old red damask; it was here that Mrs. Osmond usually sat—though she was not in her usually customary place tonight—and that a circle of more especial intimates gathered about the fire. The room was warm, with a sort of subdued brightness; it contained the larger things, and—almost always—an odour of flowers. Pansy on this occasion was presumably in the chamber beyond, the resort of younger visitors, where tea was served. Osmond stood before the chimney, leaning back, with his hands behind him; he had one foot up and was warming the sole. Half a dozen people, scattered near him, were talking together; but he was not in the conversation; his eyes were fixed, abstractedly. Rosier, coming in unannounced, failed to attract his attention; but the young man, who was very punctilious, though he was even exceptionally conscious that it was the wife, not the husband, he had come to see, went up to shake hands with him. Osmond put out his left hand, without changing his attitude.

"How d'ye do? My wife's somewhere about."

"Never fear; I shall find her," said Rosier, cheerfully.

Osmond stood looking at him; he had never before felt the keenness of this gentleman's eyes. "Madame Merle has told him, and he doesn't like it," Rosier said to himself. He had hoped Madame Merle would be there; but she was not within sight; perhaps she was in one of the other rooms, or would come later. He had never especially delighted in Gilbert Osmond; he had a fancy that he gave himself airs. But Rosier was not quickly resentful, and where politeness was concerned he had an inveterate wish to be in the right. He looked round him, smiling, and then, in a moment, he said—

"I saw a jolly good piece of Capo di Monte to-day."

Osmond answered nothing at first; but presently, while he warmed his boot-sole, "I don't care a fig for Capo di Monte!" he returned.

"I hope you are not losing your interest?"

"In old pots and plates? Yes, I am losing my interest."

Rosier for a moment forgot the delicacy of his position.

"You are not thinking of parting with a—a piece or two?"

"No, I am not thinking of parting with anything at all, Mr. Rosier," said Osmond, with his eyes still on the eyes of his visitor.

"Ah, you want to keep, but not to add," Rosier remarked, brightly.

"Exactly. I have nothing that I wish to match."

Poor Rosier was aware that he had blushed, and he was distressed at his want of assurance. "Ah, well, I have!" was all that he could murmur; and he knew that his murmur was partly lost as he turned away. He took his course to the adjoining room, and met Mrs. Osmond coming out of the deep doorway. She was dressed in black velvet; she looked brilliant and noble. We know what Mr. Rosier thought of her, and the terms in which, to Madame Merle, he had expressed his admiration. Like his appreciation of her dear little step-daughter, it was based partly on his fine sense of the plastic; but also on a relish for a more impalpable sort of merit—that merit of a bright spirit, which Rosier's devotion to brittle wares had not made him cease to regard as a quality. Mrs. Osmond, at present, appeared to gratify all such tastes. The years had touched her only to enrich her; the flower of her youth had not faded, it only hung more quietly on its stem. She had lost something of that quick eagerness to which her husband had privately taken exception—she had more the air of being able to wait. Now, at all events, framed in the gilded doorway, she

struck our young man as the picture of a gracious lady.

"You see I am very regular," he said. "But who should be if I am not?"

"Yes, I have known you longer than any one here. But we must not indulge in tender reminiscences. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Ah, please, what young lady?" Rosier was immensely obliging; but this was not what he had come for.

"She sits there by the fire in pink, and has no one to speak to."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"Can't Mr. Osmond speak to her? He is within six feet of her."

Mrs. Osmond also hesitated.

"She is not very lively, and he doesn't like dull people."

"But she is good enough for me! Ah now, that is hard."

"I only mean that you have ideas for two. And then you are so obliging."

"So is your husband."

"No, he is not—to me." And Mrs. Osmond smiled vaguely.

"That's a sign he should be doubly so to other women."

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Osmond, still smiling.

"You see I want some tea," Rosier went on, looking wistfully beyond.

"That's perfect. Go and give some to my young lady."

"Very good; but after that I will abandon her to her fate. The simple truth is that I am dying to have a little talk with Miss Osmond."

"Ah," said Isabel, turning away, "I can't help you there!"

Five minutes later, while he handed a teacup to the young lady in pink, whom he had conducted into the other room, he wondered whether, in making to Mrs. Osmond the profession I have just quoted, he had broken the spirit of his promise to Madame Merle. Such a question was capable of occupying this young man's mind for a considerable time. At last, however, he became—comparatively speaking—

reckless, and cared little what promises he might break. The fate to which he had threatened to abandon the young lady in pink proved to be none so terrible; for Pansy Osmond, who had given him the tea for his companion—Pansy was as fond as ever of making tea—presently came and talked to her. Into this mild colloquy Edward Rosier entered little; he sat by moodily, watching his small sweetheart. If we look at her now through his eyes, we shall at first not see much to remind us of the obedient little girl who, at Florence, three years before, was sent to walk short distances in the Cascine while her father and Miss Archer talked together of matters sacred to elder people. But after a moment we shall perceive that if at nineteen Pansy has become a young lady, she does not really fill out the part; that if she has grown very pretty, she lacks in a deplorable degree the quality known and esteemed in the appearance of females as style; and that if she is dressed with great freshness, she wears her smart attire with an undisguised appearance of saving it—very much as if it were lent her for the occasion. Edward Rosier, it would seem, would have been just the man to note these defects; and in point of fact there was not a quality of this young lady, of any sort, that he had not noted. Only he called her qualities by names of his own—some of which indeed were happy enough. “No, she is unique—she is absolutely unique,” he used to say to himself; and you may be sure that not for an instant would he have admitted to you that she was wanting in style. Style? Why, she had the style of a little princess; if you couldn’t see it you had no eye. It was not modern, it was not conscious, it would produce no impression in Broadway; the small, serious damsel, in her stiff little dress, only looked like an Infanta of Velasquez. This was enough for Edward Rosier, who thought her delightfully old-fashioned. Her anxious eyes, her

charming lips, her slip of a figure, were as touching as a childish prayer. He had now an acute desire to know just to what point she liked him—a desire which made him fidget as he sat in his chair. It made him feel hot, so that he had to pat his forehead with his handkerchief; he had never been so uncomfortable. She was such a perfect *jeune fille*; and one couldn’t make of a *jeune fille* the inquiry necessary for throwing light on such a point. A *jeune fille* was what Rosier had always dreamed of—a *jeune fille* who should yet not be French, for he had felt that this nationality would complicate the question. He was sure that Pansy had never looked at a newspaper, and that, in the way of novels, if she had read Sir Walter Scott it was the very most. An American *jeune fille*; what would be better than that? She would be frank and gay, and yet would not have walked alone, nor have received letters from men, nor have been taken to the theatre to see the comedy of manners. Rosier could not deny that, as the matter stood, it would be a breach of hospitality to appeal directly to this unsophisticated creature; but he was now in imminent danger of asking himself whether hospitality were the most sacred thing in the world. Was not the sentiment that he entertained for Miss Osmond of infinitely greater importance? Of greater importance to him—yes; but not probably to the master of the house. There was one comfort; even if this gentleman had been placed on his guard by Madame Merle, he would not have extended the warning to Pansy; it would not have been part of his policy to let her know that a prepossessing young man was in love with her. But he *was* in love with her, the prepossessing young man; and all these restrictions of circumstance had ended by irritating him. What had Gilbert Osmond meant by giving him two fingers of his left hand? If Osmond was rude, surely he himself might be bold. He felt

extremely bold after the dull girl in pink had responded to the call of her mother, who came in to say, with a significant simper at Rosier, that she must carry her off to other triumphs. The mother and daughter departed together, and now it depended only upon him that he should be virtually alone with Pansy. He had never been alone with her before; he had never been alone with a *jeune fille*. It was a great moment; poor Rosier began to pat his forehead again. There was another room, beyond the one in which they stood—a small room which had been thrown open and lighted, but, the company not being numerous, had remained empty all the evening. It was empty yet; it was upholstered in pale yellow; there were several lamps; through the open door it looked very pretty. Rosier stood a moment, gazing through this aperture; he was afraid that Pansy would run away, and felt almost capable of stretching out a hand to detain her. But she lingered where the young lady in pink had left them, making no motion to join a knot of visitors on the other side of the room. For a moment it occurred to him that she was frightened—too frightened perhaps to move; but a glance assured him that she was not, and then he reflected that she was too innocent, indeed, for that. After a moment's supreme hesitation he asked her whether he might go and look at the yellow room, which seemed so attractive yet so virginal. He had been there already with Osmond, to inspect the furniture, which was of the First French Empire, and especially to admire the clock (which he did not really admire), an immense classic structure of that period. He therefore felt that he had now begun to manoeuvre.

"Certainly, you may go," said Pansy; "and if you like, I will show you." She was not in the least frightened.

"That's just what I hoped you would say; you are so very kind," Rosier murmured.

They went in together; Rosier really thought the room very ugly, and it seemed cold. The same idea appeared to have struck Pansy.

"It's not for winter evenings; it's more for summer," she said. "It's papa's taste; he has so much."

He had a good deal, Rosier thought; but some of it was bad. He looked about him; he hardly knew what to say in such a situation. "Doesn't Mrs. Osmond care how her rooms are done? Has she no taste?" he asked.

"Oh yes, a great deal; but it's more for literature," said Pansy—"and for conversation. But papa cares also for those things: I think he knows everything."

Rosier was silent a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming—it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me!" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely-troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for!" Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority. Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I couldn't tell; I didn't know. You never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me then, Pansy?" Rosier asked, very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes—I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold Empire clock was perched; they were well within the room, and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and

his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips. She submitted, still with her pure, trusting smile, in which there was something ineffably passive. She liked him—she had liked him all the while; now anything might happen! She was ready—she had been ready always, waiting for him to speak. If he had not spoken she would have waited for ever; but when the word came she dropped like the peach from the shaken tree. Rosier felt that if he should draw her towards him and hold her to his heart, she would submit without a murmur, she would rest there without a question. It was true that this would be a rash experiment in a yellow Empire *salottino*. She had known it was for her he came; and yet like what a perfect little lady she had carried it off!

"You are very dear to me," he murmured, trying to believe that there was after all such a thing as hospitality.

She looked a moment at her hand, where he had kissed it. "Did you say that papa knows?"

"You told me just now he knows everything."

"I think you must make sure," said Pansy.

"Ah, my dear, when once I am sure of you!" Rosier murmured in her ear, while she turned back to the other rooms with a little air of consistency which seemed to imply that their appeal should be immediate.

The other rooms meanwhile had become conscious of the arrival of Madame Merle, who, wherever she went, produced an impression when she entered. How she did it the most attentive spectator could not have told you; for she neither spoke loud, nor laughed profusely, nor moved rapidly, nor dressed with splendour, nor appealed in any appreciable manner to the audience. Large, fair, smiling, serene, there was something in her very tranquillity that diffused itself, and when people

looked round it was because of a sudden quiet. On this occasion she had done the quietest thing she could do; after embracing Mrs. Osmond, which was more striking, she had sat down on a small sofa to commune with the master of the house. There was a brief exchange of commonplaces between these two—they always paid, in public, a certain formal tribute to the commonplace—and then Madame Merle, whose eyes had been wandering, asked if little Mr. Rosier had come this evening.

"He came nearly an hour ago—but he has disappeared," Osmond said.

"And where is Pansy?"

"In the other room. There are several people there."

"He is probably among them," said Madame Merle.

"Do you wish to see him?" Osmond asked, in a provokingly pointless tone.

Madame Merle looked at him a moment; she knew his tones, to the eighth of a note. "Yes, I should like to say to him that I have told you what he wants, and that it interests you but feebly."

"Don't tell him that, he will try to interest me more—which is exactly what I don't want. Tell him I hate his proposal."

"But you don't hate it."

"It doesn't signify: I don't love it. I let him see that, myself, this evening: I was rude to him on purpose. That sort of thing is a great bore. There is no hurry."

"I will tell him that you will take time and think it over."

"No, don't do that. He will hang on."

"If I discourage him he will do the same."

"Yes, but in the one case he will try and talk and explain; which would be exceedingly tiresome. In the other he will probably hold his tongue and go in for some deeper game. That will leave me quiet. I hate talking with a donkey."

"Is that what you call poor Mr. Rosier?"

"Oh, he's enervating, with his eternal majolica."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes, with a faint smile. "He's a gentleman, he has a charming temper; and, after all, an income of forty thousand francs—"

"It's misery—genteel misery," Osmond broke in. "It's not what I have dreamed of for Pansy."

"Very good, then. He has promised me not to speak to her."

"Do you believe him?" Osmond asked, absent-mindedly.

"Perfectly. Pansy has thought a great deal about him; but I don't suppose you think that matters."

"I don't think it matters at all; but neither do I believe she has thought about him."

"That opinion is more convenient," said Madame Merle, quietly.

"Has she told you that she is in love with him?"

"For what do you take her? And for what do you take me?" Madame Merle added in a moment.

Osmond had raised his foot and was resting his slim ankle on the other knee; he clasped his ankle in his hand, familiarly, and gazed a while before him. "This kind of thing doesn't find me unprepared. It's what I educated her for. It was all for this—that when such a case should come up she should do what I prefer."

"I am not afraid that she will not do it."

"Well then, where is the hitch?"

"I don't see any. But all the same, I recommend you not to get rid of Mr. Rosier. Keep him on hand, he may be useful."

"I can't keep him. Do it yourself."

"Very good; I will put him into a corner and allow him so much a day." Madame Merle had, for the most part, while they talked, been glancing about her; it was her habit, in this situation, just as it was her habit to interpose a good many blank-looking pauses. A long pause followed the last words I have quoted; and before it was broken

again, she saw Pansy come out of the adjoining room, followed by Edward Rosier. Pansy advanced a few steps and then stopped and stood looking at Madame Merle and at her father.

"He has spoken to her," Madame Merle said, simply, to Osmond.

Her companion never turned his head. "So much for your belief in his promises. He ought to be horse-whipped."

"He intends to confess, poor little man!"

Osmond got up; he had now taken a sharp look at his daughter. "It doesn't matter," he murmured, turning away.

Pansy after a moment came up to Madame Merle with her little manner of unfamiliar politeness. This lady's reception of her was not more intimate; she simply, as she rose from the sofa, gave her a friendly smile.

"You are very late," said the young girl, gently.

"My dear child, I am never later than I intend to be."

Madame Merle had not got up to be gracious to Pansy; she moved towards Edward Rosier. He came to meet her, and, very quickly, as if to get it off his mind—"I have spoken to her!" he whispered.

"I know it, Mr. Rosier."

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, she told me. Behave properly for the rest of the evening, and come and see me to-morrow at a quarter past five."

She was severe, and in the manner in which she turned her back to him there was a degree of contempt which caused him to mutter a decent imprecation.

He had no intention of speaking to Osmond; it was neither the time nor the place. But he instinctively wandered towards Isabel, who sat talking with an old lady. He sat down on the other side of her; the old lady was an Italian, and Rosier took for granted that she understood no English.

"You said just now you wouldn't

help me," he began, to Mrs. Osmond. "Perhaps you will feel differently when you know—when you know—"

He hesitated a little.

"When I know what?" Isabel asked, gently.

"That she is all right."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, that we have come to an understanding."

"She is all wrong," said Isabel. "It won't do."

Poor Rosier gazed at her half-pleadingly, half-angrily; a sudden flush testified to his sense of injury.

"I have never been treated so," he said. "What is there against me, after all? That is not the way I am usually considered. I could have married twenty times!"

"It's a pity you didn't. I don't mean twenty times, but once, comfortably," Isabel added, smiling kindly.

"You are not rich enough for Pansy."

"She doesn't care a straw for one's money."

"No, but her father does."

"Ah yes, he has proved that!" cried the young man.

Isabel got up, turning away from him, leaving her old lady, without saying anything; and he occupied himself for the next ten minutes in pretending to look at Gilbert Osmond's collection of miniatures, which were neatly arranged on a series of small velvet screens. But he looked without seeing; his cheek burned; he was too full of his sense of injury. It was certain that he had never been treated that way before; he was not used to being thought not good enough. He knew how good he was, and if such a fallacy had not been so pernicious, he could have laughed at it. He looked about again for Pansy, but she had disappeared, and his main desire was now to get out of the house. Before doing so he spoke to Isabel again; it was not agreeable to him to reflect that he had just said a rude thing to her—the only point that would now justify a low view of him.

"I spoke of Mr. Osmond as I

shouldn't have done, a while ago," he said. "But you must remember my situation."

"I don't remember what you said," she answered, coldly.

"Ah, you are offended, and now you will never help me."

She was silent an instant, and then, with a change of tone—

"It's not that I won't; I simply can't!" Her manner was almost passionate.

"If you could—just a little," said Rosier, "I would never again speak of your husband save as an angel."

"The inducement is great," said Isabel gravely—inscrutably, as he afterwards, to himself, called it; and she gave him, straight in the eyes, a look which was also inscrutable. It made him remember, somehow, that he had known her as a child; and yet it was keener than he liked, and he took himself off.

XXXVII.

He went to see Madame Merle on the morrow, and to his surprise she let him off rather easily. But she made him promise that he would stop there until something should have been decided. Mr. Osmond had had higher expectations; it was very true that as he had no intention of giving his daughter a portion, such expectations were open to criticism, or even, if one would, to ridicule. But she would advise Mr. Rosier not to take that tone; if he would possess his soul in patience he might arrive at his felicity. Mr. Osmond was not favourable to his suit, but it would not be a miracle if he should gradually come round. Pansy would never defy her father, he might depend upon that, so nothing was to be gained by precipitation. Mr. Osmond needed to accustom his mind to an offer of a sort that he had not hitherto entertained, and this result must come of itself—it was useless to try to force it. Rosier remarked that his own

situation would be in the meanwhile the most uncomfortable in the world, and Madame Merle assured him that she felt for him. But, as she justly declared, one couldn't have everything one wanted ; she had learned that lesson for herself. There would be no use in his writing to Gilbert Osmond, who had charged her to tell him as much. He wished the matter dropped for a few weeks, and would himself write when he should have anything to communicate which it would please Mr. Rosier to hear.

"He doesn't like your having spoken to Pansy. Ah, he doesn't like it at all," said Madame Merle.

"I am perfectly willing to give him a chance to tell me so !"

"If you do that he will tell you more than you care to hear. Go to the house, for the next month, as little as possible, and leave the rest to me."

"As little as possible? Who is to measure that?"

"Let me measure it. Go on Thursday evenings with the rest of the world ; but don't go at all odd times, and don't fret about Pansy. I will see that she understands everything. She's a calm little nature ; she will take it quietly."

Edward Rosier fretted about Pansy a good deal, but he did as he was advised, and waited for another Thursday evening before returning to the Palazzo Roccnera. There had been a party at dinner, so that although he went early the company was already tolerably numerous. Osmond, as usual, was in the first room, near the fire, staring straight at the door, so that, not to be distinctly uncivil, Rosier had to go and speak to him.

"I am glad that you can take a hint," Pansy's father said, slightly closing his keen, conscious eye.

"I take no hints. But I took a message, as I supposed it to be."

"You took it? Where did you take it?"

It seemed to poor Rosier that he was being insulted, and he waited a

moment, asking himself how much a true lover ought to submit to.

"Madame Merle gave me, as I understood it, a message from you—to the effect that you declined to give me the opportunity I desire—the opportunity to explain my wishes to you."

Rosier flattered himself that he spoke rather sternly.

"I don't see what Madame Merle has to do with it. Why did you apply to Madame Merle?"

"I asked her for an opinion—for nothing more. I did so because she had seemed to me to know you very well."

"She doesn't know me so well as she thinks," said Osmond.

"I am sorry for that, because she has given me some little ground for hope."

Osmond stared into the fire for a moment.

"I set a great price on my daughter."

"You can't set a higher one than I do. Don't I prove it by wishing to marry her?"

"I wish to marry her very well," Osmond went on, with a dry impertinence which, in another mood, poor Rosier would have admired.

"Of course I pretend that she would marry well in marrying me. She couldn't marry a man who loves her more ; or whom, I may venture to add, she loves more."

"I am not bound to accept your theories as to whom my daughter loves," Osmond said, looking up with a quick, cold smile.

"I am not theorising. Your daughter has spoken."

"Not to me," Osmond continued, bending forward a little and dropping his eyes to his boot-toes.

"I have her promise, sir!" cried Rosier, with the sharpness of exasperation.

As their voices had been pitched very low before, such a note attracted some attention from the company. Osmond waited till this little movement had subsided, then he said very quickly—

"I think she has no recollection of having given it."

They had been standing with their faces to the fire, and after he had uttered these last words Osmond turned round again to the room. Before Rosier had time to rejoin he perceived that a gentleman—a stranger—had just come in, unannounced, according to the Roman custom, and was about to present himself to the master of the house. The latter smiled blandly, but somewhat blankly; the visitor was a handsome man, with a large, fair beard—evidently an Englishman.

"You apparently don't recognise me," he said, with a smile that expressed more than Osmond's.

"Ah yes, now I do; I expected so little to see you."

Rosier departed, and went in direct pursuit of Pansy. He sought her, as usual, in the neighbouring room, but he again encountered Mrs. Osmond in his path. He gave this gracious lady no greeting—he was too righteously indignant; but said to her crudely—

"Your husband is awfully cold-blooded."

She gave the same mystical smile that he had noticed before.

"You can't expect every one to be as hot as yourself."

"I don't pretend to be cold, but I am cool. What has he been doing to his daughter?"

"I have no idea."

"Don't you take any interest?" Rosier demanded, feeling that she too was irritating.

For a moment she answered nothing. Then—

"No!" she said abruptly, and with a quickened light in her eye which directly contradicted the word.

"Excuse me if I don't believe that. Where is Miss Osmond?"

"In the corner making tea. Please leave her there."

Rosier instantly discovered the young girl, who had been hidden by intervening groups. He watched her, but her own attention was entirely given to her occupation.

"What on earth has he done to her?" he asked again imploringly. "He declares to me that she has given me up."

"She has not given you up," Isabel said, in a low tone, without looking at him.

"Ah, thank you for that! Now I will leave her alone as long as you think proper!"

He had hardly spoken when he saw her change colour, and became aware that Osmond was coming towards her, accompanied by the gentleman who had just entered. He thought the latter, in spite of the advantage of good looks and evident social experience, was a little embarrassed.

"Isabel," said Osmond, "I bring you an old friend."

Mrs. Osmond's face, though it wore a smile, was, like her old friend's, not perfectly confident. "I am very happy to see Lord Warburton," she said. Rosier turned away, and now that his talk with her had been interrupted, felt absolved from the little pledge he had just taken. He had a quick impression that Mrs. Osmond would not notice what he did.

To do him justice, Isabel for some time quite ceased to observe him. She had been startled; she hardly knew whether she were glad or not. Lord Warburton, however, now that he was face to face with her, was plainly very well pleased; his frank grey eye expressed a deep, if still somewhat shy, satisfaction. He was larger, stouter than of yore, and he looked older; he stood there very solidly and sensibly.

"I suppose you didn't expect to see me," he said; "I have only just arrived. Literally, I only got here this evening. You see I have lost no time in coming to pay you my respects; I knew you were at home on Thursdays."

"You see the fame of your Thursdays has spread to England," Osmond remarked, smiling, to his wife.

"It is very kind of Lord Warburton to come so soon; we are greatly flattered," Isabel said.

"Ah well, it's better than stopping in one of those horrible inns," Osmond went on.

"The hotel seems very good; I think it is the same one where I saw you four years ago. You know it was here in Rome that we last met; it is a long time ago! Do you remember where I bade you good-bye? It was in the Capitol, in the first room."

"I remember that myself," said Osmond; "I was there at the time."

"Yes, I remember that you were there. I was very sorry to leave Rome—so sorry that, somehow or other, it became a melancholy sort of memory, and I have never cared to come back till to day. But I knew you were living here, and I assure you I have often thought of you. It must be a charming place to live in," said Lord Warburton, brightly, looking about him.

"We should have been glad to see you at any time," Osmond remarked, with propriety.

"Thank you very much. I haven't been out of England since then. Till a month ago, I really supposed my travels were over."

"I have heard of you from time to time," said Isabel, who had now completely recovered her self-possession.

"I hope you have heard no harm. My life has been a blank."

"Like the good reigns in history," Osmond suggested. He appeared to think his duties as a host had now terminated, he had performed them very conscientiously. Nothing could have been more adequate, more nicely measured, than his courtesy to his wife's old friend. It was punctilious, it was explicit, it was everything but natural—a deficiency which Lord Warburton who, himself, had on the whole a good deal of nature, may be supposed to have perceived. "I will leave you and Mrs. Osmond together," he added. "You have reminiscences into which I don't enter."

"I am afraid you lose a good deal!" said Lord Warburton, in a

tone which perhaps betrayed overmuch his appreciation of Osmond's generosity. He stood a moment, looking at Isabel with an eye that gradually became more serious. "I am really very glad to see you."

"It is very pleasant. You are very kind."

"Do you know that you are changed—a little?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"Yes—a good deal."

"I don't mean for the worse, of course; and yet how can I say for the better?"

"I think I shall have no scruple in saying that to you," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah well, for me—it's a long time. It would be a pity that there shouln't be something to show for it."

They sat down, and Isabel asked him about his sisters, with other inquiries of a somewhat perfunctory kind. He answered her questions as if they interested him, and in a few moments she saw—or believed she saw—that he would prove a more comfortable companion than of yore. Time had laid its hand upon his heart and, without chilling this organ, had discreetly soothed it. Isabel felt her usual esteem for Time rise at a bound. Lord Warburton's manner was certainly that of a contented man who would rather like one to know it.

"There is something I must tell you without more delay," he said. "I have brought Ralph Touchett with me."

"Brought him with you?" Isabel's surprise was great.

"He is at the hotel; he was too tired to come out, and has gone to bed."

"I will go and see him," said Isabel, quickly.

"That is exactly what I hoped you wou'd do. I had an idea that you hadn't seen much of him since your marriage—that in fact your relations were a—a little more formal. That's why I hesitated—like an awkward Englishman."

"I am as fond of Ralph as ever,"

Isabel answered. "But why has he come to Rome?"

The declaration was very gentle; the question a little sharp.

"Because he is very far gone, Mrs. Osmond."

"Rome, then, is no place for him. I heard from him that he had determined to give up his custom of wintering abroad, and remain in England, in-doors, in what he called an artificial climate."

"Poor fellow, he doesn't succeed with the artificial! I went to see him three weeks ago, at Gardencourt, and found him extremely ill. He has been getting worse every year, and now he has no strength left. He smokes no more cigarettes! He had got up an artificial climate indeed; the house was as hot as Calcutta. Nevertheless, he had suddenly taken it into his head to start for Sicily. I didn't believe in it—neither did the doctors, nor any of his friends. His mother, as I suppose you know, is in America, so there was no one to prevent him. He stuck to his idea that it would be the saving of him to spend the winter at Catania. He said he could take servants and furniture, and make himself comfortable; but in point of fact he hasn't brought anything. I wanted him at least to go by sea, to save fatigue; but he said he hated the sea, and wished to stop at Rome. After that, though I thought it all rubbish, I made up my mind to come with him. I am acting as—what do you call it in America?—as a kind of moderator. Poor Touchett's very moderate now. We left England a fortnight ago, and he has been very bad on the way. He can't keep warm, and the further south we come the more he feels the cold. He has got a rather good man, but I'm afraid he's beyond human help. If you don't mind my saying so, I think it was a most extraordinary time for Mrs. Touchett to choose for going to America."

Isabel had listened eagerly; her face was full of pain and wonder.

"My aunt does that at fixed periods, and she lets nothing turn her aside. When the date comes round she starts; I think she would have started if Ralph had been dying."

"I sometimes think he is dying," Lord Warburton said.

Isabel started up.

"I will go to him now!"

He checked her; he was a little disconcerted at the quick effect of his words.

"I don't mean that I thought so to-night. On the contrary, to-day, in the train, he seemed particularly well; the idea of our reaching Rome—he is very fond of Rome, you know—gave him strength. An hour ago, when I bade him good-night, he told me that he was very tired, but very happy. Go to him in the morning; that's all I mean. I didn't tell him I was coming here; I didn't think of it till after we separated. Then I remembered that he had told me that you had an evening, and that it was this very Thursday. It occurred to me to come in and tell you that he was here, and let you know that you had perhaps better not wait for him to call. I think he said he had not written to you." There was no need of Isabel's declaring that she would act upon Lord Warburton's information; she looked, as she sat there, like a winged creature held back. "Let alone that I wanted to see you for myself," her visitor added, gallantly.

"I don't understand Ralph's plan; it seems to me very wild," she said. "I was glad to think of him between those thick walls at Gardencourt."

"He was completely alone there; the thick walls were his only company."

"You went to see him; you have been extremely kind."

"Oh dear, I had nothing to do," said Lord Warburton.

"We hear, on the contrary, that you are doing great things. Every one speaks of you as a great statesman, and I am perpetually seeing your name in the *Times*, which, by the

way, doesn't appear to hold it in reverence. You are apparently as bold a radical as ever."

"I don't feel nearly so bold; you know the world has come round to me. Touchett and I have kept up a sort of Parliamentary debate, all the way from London. I tell him he is the last of the Tories, and he calls me the head of the Communists. So you see there is life in him yet."

Isabel had many questions to ask about Ralph, but she abstained from asking them all. She would see for herself on the morrow. She perceived that after a little Lord Warburton would tire of that subject—that he had a consciousness of other possible topics. She was more and more able to say to herself that he had recovered, and, what is more to the point, she was able to say it without bitterness. He had been for her, of old, such an image of urgency, of insistence, of something to be resisted and reasoned with, that his re-appearance at first menaced her with a new trouble. But she was now re-assured; she could see that he only wished to live with her on good terms, that she was to understand that he had forgiven her and was incapable of the bad taste of making pointed allusions. This was not a form of revenge, of course; she had no suspicion that he wished to punish her by an exhibition of disillusionment; she did him the justice to believe that it had simply occurred to him that she would now take a good-natured interest in knowing that he was resigned. It was the resignation of a healthy, manly nature, in which sentimental wounds could never fester. British politics had cured him; she had known they would. She gave an envious thought to the happier lot of men, who are always free to plunge into the healing waters of action. Lord Warburton of course spoke of the past, but he spoke of it without implication; he even went so far as to allude to their former meeting in Rome as a very jolly time. And he told her that he

had been immensely interested in hearing of her marriage—that it was a great pleasure to him to make Mr. Osmond's acquaintance—since he could hardly be said to have made it on the other occasion. He had not written to her when she married, but he did not apologise to her for that. The only thing he implied was that they were old friends, intimate friends. It was very much as an intimate friend that he said to her, suddenly, after a short pause which he had occupied in smiling, as he looked about him, like a man to whom everything suggested a cheerful interpretation—

"Well now, I suppose you are very happy, and all that sort of thing!"

Isabel answered with a quick laugh; the tone of his remark struck her almost as the accent of comedy.

"Do you suppose if I were not I would tell you?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't see why not."

"I do, then. Fortunately, however, I am very happy."

"You have got a very good house."

"Yes, it's very pleasant. But that's not my merit—it's my husband's."

"You mean that he has arranged it?"

"Yes, it was nothing when we came."

"He must be very clever."

"He has a genius for upholstery," said Isabel.

"There is a great rage for that sort of thing now. But you must have a taste of your own."

"I enjoy things when they are done; but I have no ideas. I can never propose anything."

"Do you mean that you accept what others propose?"

"Very willingly, for the most part."

"That's a good thing to know. I shall propose you something."

"It will be very kind. I must say, however, that I have in a few small ways a certain initiative. I should like, for instance, to introduce you to some of these people."

"Oh, please don't; I like sitting here. Unless it be to that young lady in the blue dress. She has a charming face."

"The one talking to the rosy young man? That's my husband's daughter."

"Lucky man, your husband. What a dear little maid!"

"You must make her acquaintance."

"In a moment, with pleasure. I like looking at her from here." He ceased to look at her, however, very soon; his eyes constantly reverted to Mrs. Osmond. "Do you know I was wrong just now in saying that you had changed?" he presently went on. "You seem to me, after all, very much the same."

"And yet I find it's a great change to be married," said Isabel, with gaiety.

"It affects most people more than it has affected you. You see I haven't gone in for that."

"It rather surprises me."

"You ought to understand it, Mrs. Osmond. But I want to marry," he added, more simply.

"It ought to be very easy," Isabel said, rising, and then blushing a little at the thought that she was hardly the person to say this. It was perhaps because Lord Warburton noticed her blush that he generously forbore to call her attention to the incongruity.

Edward Rosier meanwhile had seated himself on an ottoman beside Pansy's tea-table. He pretended at first to talk to her about trifles, and she asked him who was the new gentleman conversing with her step-mother.

"He's an English lord," said Rosier. "I don't know more."

"I wonder if he will have some tea. The English are so fond of tea."

"Never mind that; I have something particular to say to you."

"Don't speak so loud, or every one will hear us," said Pansy.

"They won't heed us if you continue to look that way: as if your only thought in life was the wish that the kettle would boil."

"It has just been filled; the servants never know!" the young girl exclaimed, with a little sigh.

"Do you know what your father said to me just now? That you didn't mean what you said a week ago."

"I don't mean everything I say. How can a young girl do that? But I mean what I say to you."

"He told me that you had forgotten me."

"Ah no, I don't forget," said Pansy, showing her pretty teeth in a fixed smile.

"Then everything is just the same!"

"Ah no, it's not just the same. Papa has been very severe."

"What has he done to you?"

"He asked me what you had done to me, and I told him everything. Then he forbade me to marry you."

"You needn't mind that."

"Oh yes, I must indeed. I can't disobey papa."

"Not for one who loves you as I do, and whom you pretend to love!"

Pansy raised the lid of the tea-pot, gazing into this vessel for a moment; then she dropped six words into its aromatic depths. "I love you just as much."

"What good will that do me?"

"Ah," said Pansy, raising her sweet, vague eyes, "I don't know that."

"You disappoint me," groaned poor Rosier.

Pansy was silent a moment; she handed a tea-cup to a servant.

"Please don't talk any more."

"Is this to be all my satisfaction?"

"Papa said I was not to talk with you."

"Do you sacrifice me like that? Ah, it's too much!"

"I wish you would wait a little," said the young girl, in a voice just distinct enough to betray a quaver.

"Of course I will wait if you will give me hope. But you take my life away."

"I will not give you up—oh, no!"
Pansy went on.

"He will try and make you marry some one else."

"I will never do that."

"What then are we to wait for?"
She hesitated a moment.

"I will speak to Mrs. Osmond, and she will help us." It was in this manner that she for the most part designated her stepmother.

"She won't help us much. She is afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of your father, I suppose."
Pansy shook her little head.

"She is not afraid of any one! We must have patience."

"Ah, that's an awful word," Rosier groaned; he was deeply disconcerted. Oblivious of the customs of good society, he dropped his head into his hands, and, supporting it with a melancholy grace, sat staring at the carpet. Presently he became aware of a good deal of movement about him, and when he looked up saw Pansy making a curtsey—it was still her little curtsey of the convent—to the English lord whom Mrs. Osmond had presented.

XXXVIII.

It probably will not be surprising to the reflective reader that Ralph Touchett should have seen less of his cousin since her marriage than he had done before that event—an event of which he took such a view as could hardly prove a confirmation of intimacy. He had uttered his thought, as we know, and after this he had held his peace, Isabel not having invited him to resume a discussion which marked an era in their relations. That discussion had made a difference—the difference that he feared, rather than the one he hoped. It had not chilled the girl's zeal in carrying out her engagement, but it had come

dangerously near to spoiling a friendship. No reference was ever again made between them to Ralph's opinion of Gilbert Osmond, and by surrounding this topic with a sacred silence, they managed to preserve a semblance of reciprocal frankness. But there was a difference, as Ralph often said to himself—there was a difference. She had not forgiven him, she never would forgive him; that was all he had gained. She thought she had forgiven him; she believed she didn't care; and as she was both very generous and very proud, these convictions represented a certain reality. But whether or no the event should justify him, he would virtually have done her a wrong, and the wrong was of the sort that women remember best. As Osmond's wife, she could never again be his friend. If in this character she should enjoy the felicity she expected, she would have nothing but contempt for the man who had attempted, in advance, to undermine a blessing so dear; and if on the other hand his warning should be justified, the vow she had taken that he should never know it, would lay upon her spirit a burden that would make her hate him. Such had been, during the year that followed his cousin's marriage, Ralph's rather dismal previsions of the future; and if his meditations appear morbid, we must remember that he was not in the bloom of health. He consoled himself as he might by behaving (as he deemed) beautifully, and was present at the ceremony by which Isabel was united to Mr. Osmond, and which was performed in Florence in the month of June. He learned from his mother that Isabel at first had thoughts of celebrating her nuptials in her native land, but that as simplicity was what she chiefly desired to secure, she had finally decided, in spite of Osmond's professed willingness to make a journey of any length, that this characteristic would best be preserved by their being married by the nearest clergyman in the shortest time. The thing was

done, therefore, at the little American chapel, on a very hot day, in the presence only of Mrs. Touchett and her son, of Pansy Osmond and the Countess Gemini. That severity in the proceedings of which I just spoke, was in part the result of the absence of two persons who might have been looked for on the occasion, and who would have lent it a certain richness. Madame Merle had been invited, but Madame Merle, who was unable to leave Rome, sent a gracious letter of excuses. Henrietta Stackpole had not been invited, as her departure from America, announced to Isabel by Mr. Goodwood, was in fact frustrated by the duties of her profession; but she had sent a letter, less gracious than Madame Merle's, intimating that had she been able to cross the Atlantic, she would have been present not only as a witness, but as a critic. Her return to Europe took place somewhat later, and she effected a meeting with Isabel in the autumn, in Paris, when she indulged—perhaps a trifle too freely—her critical genius. Poor Osmond, who was chiefly the subject of it, protested so sharply that Henrietta was obliged to declare to Isabel that she had taken a step which erected a barrier between them. "It isn't in the least that you have married—it is that you have married *him*," she deemed it her duty to remark; agreeing, it will be seen, much more with Ralph Touchett than she suspected, though she had few of his hesitations and compunctions. Henrietta's second visit to Europe, however, was not made in vain; for just at the moment when Osmond had declared to Isabel that he really must object to that newspaper-woman, and Isabel had answered that it seemed to her he took Henrietta too hard, the good Mr. Bantling appeared upon the scene and proposed that they should take a run down to Spain. Henrietta's letters from Spain proved to be the most picturesque she had yet published, and there was one in especial, dated from the Alhambra, and entitled

"Moors and Moonlight," which generally passed for her masterpiece. Isabel was secretly disappointed at her husband's not having been able to judge the poor girl more humorously. She even wondered whether his sense of humour were by chance defective. Of course she herself looked at the matter as a person whose present happiness had nothing to grudge to Henrietta's violated conscience. Osmond thought their alliance a kind of monstrosity; he couldn't imagine what they had in common. For him, Mr. Bantling's fellow-tourist was simply the most vulgar of women, and he also pronounced her the most abandoned. Against this latter clause of the verdict Isabel protested with an ardour which made him wonder afresh at the oddity of some of his wife's tastes. Isabel could explain it only by saying that she liked to know people who were as different as possible from herself. "Why then don't you make the acquaintance of your washerwoman?" Osmond had inquired; to which Isabel answered that she was afraid her washerwoman wouldn't care for her. Now Henrietta cared so much.

Ralph saw nothing of her for the greater part of the two years that followed her marriage; the winter that formed the beginning of her residence in Rome he spent again at San Remo, where he was joined in the spring by his mother, who afterwards went with him to England, to see what they were doing at the bank—an operation she could not induce him to perform. Ralph had taken a lease of his house at San Remo, a small villa, which he occupied still another winter; but late in the month of April of this second year he came down to Rome. It was the first time since her marriage that he had stood face to face with Isabel; his desire to see her again was of the keenest. She had written to him from time to time, but her letters told him nothing that he wanted to know. He had asked his mother what she was making of her life, and his mother

had simply answered that she supposed she was making the best of it. Mrs. Touchett had not the imagination that communes with the unseen, and she now pretended to no intimacy with her niece, whom she rarely encountered. This young woman appeared to be living in a sufficiently honourable way, but Mrs. Touchett still remained of the opinion that her marriage was a shabby affair. It gave her no pleasure to think of Isabel's establishment, which she was sure was a very lame business. From time to time, in Florence, she rubbed against the Countess Gemini, doing her best, always, to minimise the contact; and the Countess reminded her of Osmond, who made her think of Isabel. The Countess was less talked about in these days; but Mrs. Touchett augured no good of that; it only proved how she had been talked about before. There was a more direct suggestion of Isabel in the person of Madame Merle; but Madame Merle's relations with Mrs. Touchett had suffered a marked alteration. Isabel's aunt had told her, without circumlocution, that she had played too ingenuous a part; and Madame Merle, who never quarrelled with any one, who appeared to think no one worth it, and who had performed the miracle of living, more or less, for several years with Mrs. Touchett, without a symptom of irritation—Madame Merle now took a very high tone, and declared that this was an accusation from which she could not stoop to defend herself. She added, however (without stooping), that her behaviour had been only too simple, that she had believed only what she saw, that she saw that Isabel was not eager to marry, and that Osmond was not eager to please (his repeated visits were nothing; he was boring himself to death on his hill-top, and he came merely for amusement). Isabel had kept her sentiments to herself, and her journey to Greece and Egypt had effectually thrown dust in her companion's eyes. Madame Merle accepted the event—she was unprepared

to think of it as a scandal; but that she had played any part in it, double or single, was an imputation against which she proudly protested. It was doubtless in consequence of Mrs. Touchett's attitude and of the injury it offered to habits consecrated by many charming seasons, that Madame Merle, after this, chose to pass many months in England, where her credit was quite unimpaired. Mrs. Touchett had done her a wrong; there are some things that can't be forgiven. But Madame Merle suffered in silence; there was always something exquisite in her dignity.

Ralph, as I say, had wished to see for himself; but while he was engaged in this pursuit he felt afresh what a fool he had been to put the girl on her guard. He had played the wrong card, and now he had lost the game. He should see nothing, he should learn nothing; for him she would always wear a mask. His true line would have been to profess delight in her marriage, so that later, when, as Ralph phrased it, the bottom should fall out of it, she might have the pleasure of saying to him that he had been a goose. He would gladly have consented to pass for a goose in order to know Isabel's real situation. But now she neither taunted him with his fallacies nor pretended that her own confidence was justified; if she wore a mask, it completely covered her face. There was something fixed and mechanical in the serenity painted upon it; this was not an expression, Ralph said—it was an invention. She had lost her child; that was a sorrow, but it was a sorrow she scarcely spoke of; there was more to say about it than she could say to Ralph. It belonged to the past, moreover; it had occurred six months before, and she had already laid aside the tokens of mourning. She seemed to be leading the life of the world; Ralph heard her spoken of as having a "charming position." He observed that she produced the impression of being peculiarly enviable, that it was supposed, among

many people, to be a privilege even to know her. Her house was not open to every one, and she had an evening in the week, to which people were not invited as matter of course. She lived with a certain magnificence, but you needed to be a member of her circle to perceive it; for there was nothing to gape at, nothing to criticise, nothing even to admire, in the daily proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond. Ralph, in all this, recognised the hand of the master; for he knew that Isabel had no faculty for producing calculated impressions. She struck him as having a great love of movement, of gaiety, of late hours, of long drives, of fatigue; an eagerness to be entertained, to be interested, even to be bored, to make acquaintances, to see people that were talked about, to explore the neighbourhood of Rome, to enter into relation with certain of the mustiest relics of its old society. In all this there was much less discrimination than in that desire for comprehensiveness of development on which he used to exercise his wit. There was a kind of violence in some of her impulses, of crudity in some of her proceedings, which took him by surprise; it seemed to him that she even spoke faster, moved faster, than before her marriage. Certainly she had fallen into exaggerations—she who used to care so much for the pure truth; and whereas of old she had a great delight in good-humoured argument, in intellectual play (she never looked so charming as when in the genial heat of discussion she received a crushing blow full in the face and brushed it away as a feather), she appeared now to think there was nothing worth people's either differing about or agreeing upon. Of old she had been curious, and now she was indifferent, and yet in spite of her indifference her activity was greater than ever. Slender still, but lovelier than before, she had gained no great maturity of aspect; but there was a kind of amplitude and brilliancy in her personal

arrangements which gave a touch of insolence to her beauty. Poor human-hearted Isabel, what perversity had bitten her? Her light step drew a mass of drapery behind it; her intelligent head sustained a majesty of ornament. The free, keen girl had suffered a marked mutation; what he saw was the fine lady who was supposed to represent something. What did Isabel represent? Ralph asked himself; and he could answer only by saying that she represented Gilbert Osmond. "Good heavens, what a function!" he exclaimed. He was lost in wonder at the mystery of things. He recognised Osmond, as I say; he recognised him at every turn. He saw how he kept all things within limits; how he adjusted, regulated, animated their manner of life. Osmond was in his element; at last he had material to work with. He always had an eye to effect; and his effects were elaborately studied. They were produced by no vulgar means, but the motive was as vulgar as the art was great. To surround his interior with a sort of invidious sanctity, to tantalise society with a sense of exclusion, to make people believe his house was different from every other, to impart to the face that he presented to the world a cold originality—this was the ingenious effort of the personage to whom Isabel had attributed a superior morality. "He works with superior material," Ralph said to himself; "but it's rich abundance compared with his former resources." Ralph was a clever man; but Ralph had never—to his own sense—been so clever as when he observed, *in petto*, that under the guise of caring only for intrinsic values, Osmond lived exclusively for the world. Far from being its master, as he pretended to be, he was its very humble servant, and the degree of its attention was his only measure of success. He lived with his eye on it, from morning till night, and the world was so stupid it never suspected the trick. Everything he did was *pose—pose* so deeply calcu-

lated that if one were not on the lookout one mistook it for impulse. Ralph had never met a man who lived so much in the world of calculation. His tastes, his studies, his accomplishments, his collections, were all for a purpose. His life on his hill-top at Florence had been a *pose* of years. His solitude, his ennui, his love for his daughter, his good manners, his bad manners, were so many features of a mental image constantly present to him as a model of impertinence and mystification. His ambition was not to please the world, but to please himself by exciting the world's curiosity, and then declining to satisfy it. It made him feel great to play the world a trick. The thing he had done in his life most directly to please himself was his marrying Isabel Archer; though in this case indeed the gullible world was in a manner embodied in poor Isabel, who had been mystified to the top of her bent. Ralph of course found a fitness in being consistent; he had embraced a creed, and as he had suffered for it he could not in honour forsake it. I give this little sketch of its articles for what they are worth. It was certain that he was very skilful in fitting the facts to his theory—even the fact that during the month he spent in Rome at this period Gilbert Osmond appeared to regard him not in the least as an enemy. For Mr. Osmond Ralph had not now that importance. It was not that he had the importance of a friend; it was rather that he had none at all. He was Isabel's cousin, and he was rather unpleasantly ill—it was on this basis that Osmond treated with him. He made the proper inquiries, asked about his health, about Mrs. Touchett, about his opinion of winter climates, whether he was comfortable at his hotel. He addressed him, on the few occasions of their meeting, not a word that was not necessary; but his manner had always the urbanity proper to conscious success in the presence of conscious failure. For all this, Ralph had, to-

wards the end, an inward conviction that Osmond had made it uncomfortable for his wife that she should continue to receive her cousin. He was not jealous—he had not that excuse; no one could be jealous of Ralph. But he made Isabel pay for her old-time kindness, of which so much was still left; and as Ralph had no idea of her paying too much, when his suspicion had become sharp he took himself off. In doing so he deprived Isabel of a very interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive. She decided that it was his love of conversation; his conversation was better than ever. He had given up walking; he was no longer a humorous stroller. He sat all day in a chair—almost any chair would do, and was so dependent on what you would do for him that, had not his talk been highly contemplative, you might have thought he was blind. The reader already knows more about him than Isabel was ever to know, and the reader may therefore be given the key to the mystery. What kept Ralph alive was simply the fact that he had not yet seen enough of his cousin; he was not yet satisfied. There was more to come; he couldn't make up his mind to lose that. He wished to see what she would make of her husband—or what he would make of her. This was only the first act of the drama, and he was determined to sit out the performance. His determination held good; it kept him going some eighteen months more, till the time of his return to Rome with Lord Warburton. It gave him indeed such an air of intending to live indefinitely that Mrs. Touchett, though more accessible to confusions of thought in the matter of this strange, unremunerative—and unremunerated—son of hers than she had ever been before, had, as we have learned, not scrupled to embark for a distant land. If Ralph had been kept alive by suspense, it was with a good deal of the same emotion—the excitement of wondering in what state she should find him—that Isabel

ascended to his apartment the day after Lord Warburton had notified her of his arrival in Rome.

She spent an hour with him ; it was the first of several visits. Gilbert Osmond called on him punctually, and on Isabel sending a carriage for him Ralph came, more than once, to the Palazzo Roccanera. A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Ralph announced to Lord Warburton that he thought after all he wouldn't go to Sicily. The two men had been dining together after a day spent by the latter in ranging about the Campagna. They had left the table, and Warburton, before the chimney, was lighting a cigar, which he instantly removed from his lips.

" Won't go to Sicily ? Where then will you go ? "

" Well, I guess I won't go anywhere," said Ralph, from the sofa, in a tone of jocosity.

" Do you mean that you will return to England ? "

" Oh dear no ; I will stay in Rome."

" Rome won't do for you ; it's not warm enough."

" It will have to do ; I will make it do. See how well I have been."

Lord Warburton looked at him a while, puffing his cigar, as if he were trying to see it.

" You have been better than you were on the journey, certainly. I wonder how you lived through that. But I don't understand your condition. I recommend you to try Sicily."

" I can't try," said poor Ralph ; " I can't move further. I can't face that journey. Fancy me between Scylla and Charybdis ! I don't want to die in the Sicilian plains—to be snatched away, like Prosperine in the same locality, to the Plutonian shades."

" What the deuce then did you come for ? " his lordship inquired.

" Because the idea took me. I see it won't do. It really doesn't matter where I am now. I've exhausted all remedies, I've swallowed all climates. As I'm here I'll stay ; I haven't got any cousins in Sicily."

" Your cousin is certainly an inducement. But what does the doctor say ? "

" I haven't asked him, and I don't care a fig. If I die here Mrs. Osmond will bury me. But I shall not die here."

" I hope not." Lord Warburton continued to smoke reflectively. " Well, I must say," he resumed, " for myself I am very glad you don't go to Sicily. I had a horror of that journey."

" Ah, but for you it needn't have mattered. I had no idea of dragging you in my train."

" I certainly didn't mean to let you go alone."

" My dear Warburton, I never expected you to come further than this," Ralph cried.

" I should have gone with you and seen you settled," said Lord Warburton.

" You are a very good fellow. You are very kind."

" Then I should have come back here."

" And then you would have gone to England."

" No, no ; I should have stayed."

" Well," said Ralph, " if that's what we are both up to, I don't see where Sicily comes in ! "

His companion was silent ; he sat staring at the fire. At last, boking up—

" I say, tell me this," he broke out ; " did you really mean to go to Sicily when we started ? "

" Ah, vous m'en demandez trop ! Let me put a question first. Did you come with me quite—platonicamente ? "

" I don't know what you mean by that. I wanted to come abroad."

" I suspect we have each been playing our little game."

" Speak for yourself. I made no secret whatever of my wanting to be here a while."

" Yes, I remember you said you wished to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

" I have seen him three times ; he is very amusing."

"I think you have forgotten what you came for," said Ralph.

"Perhaps I have," his companion answered, rather gravely.

These two gentlemen were children of a race which is not distinguished by the absence of reserve, and they had travelled together from London to Rome without an allusion to matters that were uppermost in the mind of each. There was an old subject that they had once discussed, but it had lost its recognised place in their attention, and even after their arrival in Rome, where many things led back to it, they had kept the same half-diffident, half-confident silence.

"I recommend you to get the doctor's consent, all the same," Lord Warburton went on, abruptly, after an interval.

"The doctor's consent will spoil it; I never have it when I can help it!"

"What does Mrs. Osmond think?"

"I have not told her. She will probably say that Rome is too cold, and even offer to go with me to Catania. She is capable of that."

"In your place I should like it."

"Her husband won't like it."

"Ah well, I can fancy that; though it seems to me you are not bound to mind it. It's his affair."

"I don't want to make any more trouble between them," said Ralph.

"Is there so much already?"

"There's complete preparation for it. Her going off with me would make the explosion. Osmond isn't fond of his wife's cousin."

"Then of course he would make a row. But won't he make a row if you stop here?"

"That's what I want to see. He made one the last time I was in Rome, and then I thought it my duty to go away. Now I think it's my duty to stop and defend her."

"My dear Touchett, your defensive powers—" Lord Warburton began, with a smile. But he saw something in his companion's face that checked him. "Your duty, in these premises,

seems to me rather a nice question," he said.

Ralph for a short time answered nothing.

"It is true that my defensive powers are small," he remarked at last; "but as my aggressive ones are still smaller, Osmond may, after all, not think me worth his gunpowder. At any rate," he added, "there are things I am curious to see."

"You are sacrificing your health to your curiosity then?"

"I am not much interested in my health, and I am deeply interested in Mrs. Osmond."

"So am I. But not as I once was," Lord Warburton added quickly. This was one of the allusions he had not hitherto found occasion to make.

"Does she strike you as very happy?" Ralph inquired, emboldened by this confidence.

"Well, I don't know; I have hardly thought. She told me the other night that she was happy."

"Ah, she told *you*, of course," Ralph exclaimed, smiling.

"I don't know that. It seems to me I was rather the sort of person she might have complained to."

"Complain? She will never complain. She has done it, and she knows it. She will complain to you least of all. She is very careful."

"She needn't be. I don't mean to make love to her again."

"I am delighted to hear it; there can be no doubt at least of *your* duty!"

"Ah no," said Lord Warburton, gravely; "none!"

"Permit me to ask," Ralph went on, "whether it is to bring out the fact that you don't mean to make love to her that you are so very civil to the little girl?"

Lord Warburton gave a slight start; he got up and stood before the fire, blushing a little.

"Does that strike you as very ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous? Not in the least, if you really like her."

"I think her a delightful little person. I don't know when a girl of that age has pleased me more."

"She's extremely pleasing. Ah, she at least is genuine."

"Of course there's the difference in our ages—more than twenty years."

"My dear Warburton," said Ralph, "are you serious?"

"Perfectly serious—as far as I've got."

"I'm very glad. And, heaven help us," cried Ralph, "how tickled Gilbert Osmond will be."

His companion frowned.

"I say, don't spoil it. I shan't marry his daughter to please him."

"He will have the perversity to be pleased all the same."

"He's not so fond of me as that," said his lordship.

"As that? My dear Warburton, the drawback of your position is that people needn't be fond of you at all to wish to be connected with you. Now, with me in such a case, I should have the happy confidence that they loved me."

Lord Warburton seemed scarcely to be in the mood for doing justice to

general axioms; he was thinking of a special case.

"Do you think she'll be pleased?"

"The girl herself? Delighted, surely."

"No, no; I mean Mrs. Osmond."

Ralph looked at him a moment.

"My dear fellow, what has she to do with it?"

"Whatever she chooses. She is very fond of the girl."

"Very true—very true." And Ralph slowly got up. "It's an interesting question—how far her fondness for the girl will carry her." He stood there a moment with his hands in his pockets, with a rather sombre eye. "I hope, you know, that you are very—very sure—The deuce!" he broke off, "I don't know how to say it."

"Yes, you do; you know how to say everything."

"Well, it's awkward. I hope you are sure that among Miss Osmond's merits her being a—so near her stepmother isn't a leading one?"

"Good heavens, Touchett!" cried Lord Warburton, angrily, "for what do you take me?"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTION FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

In the discussions which occasionally take place on the subject of Subscription, several points have appeared to me to receive less consideration than they deserve, and there are some important topics which seem to be passed over unnoticed. On several of these I propose in the present paper to offer a few remarks, and possibly what I have to say may have the effect of calling attention to these neglected parts of the general subject.

What is meant by Subscription is no doubt familiar enough to all. It is not so clearly understood that others, besides the clergy of the Church of England, are affected by the same thing under a different name;—that is to say, that the Nonconformist ministers are, for the most part (though not universally), as much under the same restrictions as to doctrinal belief, and freedom of discussion, as the national clergy. How this comes to pass it is easy to point out. The Methodist Conference, for example, exercises a careful supervision over all candidates for the Wesleyan ministry, and requires them virtually to engage to believe and preach according to the teaching of Wesley's Sermons and Notes on the New Testament. And this is no imaginary restriction. What Wesleyan minister would have ventured to speak out as Canon Farrar has done on the subject of Eternal Punishment? The result of such speaking, it is well understood, would be, as it has been, expulsion from the body, and the loss of the privileges of ministerial position.

Similarly among the Congregationalists there are such things as trust deeds, with schedules of doctrine at the foot, to which it is required that the minister shall conform his preach-

ing. The model deed of the Chapel Building Society in that denomination is well known; and it is probably correct to say that no new chapel is erected at the present day, with the aid of that Society, without care being taken that only such and such doctrines shall be preached in the new pulpit as are considered by the managers of the Society to be Christian and orthodox. The Huddersfield Chapel case, lately before the courts of law, is a case in point. It well shows how stringently such restrictions may be made to operate—and a doctrinal schedule is not the only form in which they appear. The consequence is that a minister who deviates even a little in his ministrations from the Trust conditions, may be expelled from his pulpit by process of law. Nothing worse can happen to a clergyman; and it is clear, therefore, that the Nonconformist who is under such trammels, exposed, we may say, to the theological dictation of a body of chapel builders, or a chapel committee of perhaps ill-informed persons, is in no way exempt from "control" of a galling and offensive kind—certainly no more exempt than the clergyman who is amenable to his bishop, or the law courts.

It is an easy inference from all this that, in any measure for the relief of the clergy in the matter of Subscription, the similar case of the Nonconformists should not be forgotten. It would be a fair and appropriate return for the long-continued exertions of the Liberation Society that whatever may be possible should be done for the release of Nonconformist ministers from the "control," if not from the "patronage," of conferences, schedules of doctrine in chapel deeds, and

inquisitorial deacons and chapel committees.

A second point which deserves grave consideration, and one not usually brought forward in these discussions, is this—how far it is *right* in any man (supposing him to have the power) to impose upon another a specific confession or profession of religious belief, enforcing it so as to make it essential to the enjoyment of certain pecuniary and other advantages. In general terms, it would, I should think, be admitted without argument, that no man is possessed of any natural right to exercise such authority or control over another. This position may be illustrated from the case of a father and his son—one of the closest of the ties which can exist between two human beings, one in which authority and affection on the one side, respect and confidence on the other, may be assumed to exist in as pure and disinterested a form as can be well conceived. The question is, Will it be morally right in the father, well aware as he must be of the fallibility of his own judgment, to make use of the advantage which his position gives him, either with or without the son's consent, to bind the latter to say "I assent and believe," "I will continue to assent and believe," to bind and pledge him to do this by attaching to it a valuable pecuniary interest? Unquestionably, such a proceeding on the father's side would be wrong. It would be even morally wrong, and this from several points of view, into which I do not consider it necessary to enter in detail—necessary at least for any thoughtful, earnest reader.

But if the proceeding be wrong in the case supposed, can it be right in any other, as in that of a sovereign and his subjects, a legislature and those for whom it makes laws, or a chapel committee or a ruling Church body and a minister? This question too must surely be answered in the negative. When, therefore, Queen Elizabeth and the statesmen of her time set up our

existing National Church, prescribing its belief as they did, and dictating the very words of praise and prayer that should be used by its ministers—words which necessarily imply the profession of very definite doctrinal beliefs—and permitting of no deviation whatever from the prescribed forms—when they did this, they were exercising only a usurped and illegitimate authority. Their proceeding may indeed find some justification in the circumstances and beliefs of the age, much as the laws relating to witchcraft may be thought to do. But nevertheless, as in the case of those laws, the course taken was founded in error. It was essentially inconsistent with a high morality. The authority exercised could not, by the nature of the case, really belong to those who exercised it, any more than it would be possible that the faculty of thinking in a given man should be taken away from him and made the property of another person.

When men disobey a natural law, even in ignorance, and act habitually in neglect of it, this is usually followed by some penal consequence. It is so in the case of nations and legislatures, and it is so in the case before us. Witness, generation after generation of disquiet in the Church, the multiplication of sects, the alienation on religious grounds of large classes of the nation from each other. Such are and have been the consequences of the Church policy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the uniformity of national faith on which it tried to insist having hitherto proved to be the most vain and visionary of ends. And so it was in the more terrible case of witchcraft. The unnatural laws founded upon that belief, and the untold miseries which resulted from them, gave dreadful testimony to the falsehood and wrong involved in the ideas upon which they were based.

If then, to pursue our main idea, the *animus imponentis* could have no right to impose, can it be right in the subject mind to submit to the imposi-

tion, and to forego that natural and sacred privilege of liberty of thought which, quite as much as any of the bodily senses, belongs to each man as a human being—to give this up, in a certain sense, at the command or to the disposal of another? This question too, I should think, few persons of clear and healthy mental vision will answer in the affirmative; and so, I venture to add, the entire system of imposition and subscription of creeds and articles of faith is demonstrably wrong and out of date, and ought to be got rid of as soon as may be.

But then, the creeds and articles exist; and subscription to them is required, and must be given and is given—voluntarily given—by those who minister in the Church. The question of questions remains, What does it mean? What does it involve in the way of promise and engagement? This has been abundantly discussed, and that, too, quite recently and from different points of view. I would add to the discussion the following consideration, which appears to me to be one of the greatest importance. I refer to the relation which exists between the Subscribing clergy and the general public.

The nation at large must be held to constitute the body of the National Church, of which the clergy are the ministers. By the will of the nation the Church exists—so far, that is to say, as it is in the exclusive possession of the national endowments and various connected privileges. The public has therefore a direct interest as of right, not only in the services of the clergy, but also in what they assent to and profess to believe and to act upon as teachers of the people. When, therefore, a clergyman "assents" to the Articles, and says that he believes the "doctrine" they contain to be "agreeable to the Word of God," he does not say this in any abstract kind of way, as if for his own sake only. He says it to the nation, which is thus in effect a party

with him in this joint contract. It is therefore a question to be asked, What do people in general understand him to mean?

If, at the time, he makes no sort of open qualification or reservation, as to the particular sense in which he assents and believes, he may reasonably be held to do so in the obvious and popular sense of the words to which he subscribes. It cannot be questioned that in the estimation of the great mass, not only of those who may hear him in church, but of the whole nation, he does so; and that he assents to and undertakes to believe and to use the words of Articles and Services in their ordinary and unqualified sense. When, then, time after time, he repeats, "I believe," in the Creeds, as, for example, the Article of the Incarnation, in the words "conceived of the Holy Ghost,"—when he uses expressions which distinctly imply his own consent to them, as in telling his congregation that "without doubt" they shall "perish everlasting" if they do not hold and keep the Athanasian Creed,—when he says, in the Baptismal Service, that the child is "regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ," and delivered from God's "wrath," by the rite performed—in all this people do, and will, and ought to understand his words according to their obvious meaning. Is he, then, at liberty to go away from his reading-desk, and by virtue of an address or lecture, a tract or pamphlet, or an article in a magazine, or even by a private conversation with his bishop, to put his own private construction upon the words he has used, and so to exonerate himself from the assent and belief which he has professed before the nation and in the sight of God? There is something in this kind of proceeding which, to say the least, is questionable and unsatisfactory. It seems to come too near to double dealing, and this in matters of a very sacred character, in which sincerity and straightforwardness should be eminently conspicuous. It

looks too like making a contract in one sense and keeping it in another, in a way and to a degree which could not be permitted in the ordinary transactions of common life.

The case would be bad enough if there were no personal interests involved. It becomes a dreadfully bad case when it is remembered, and it is impossible to forget, that very large personal interests are involved. Those who show themselves anxious to qualify and explain away the words they have used, and to prove that they mean either very little, or something different from what is commonly supposed, are, in effect, defending themselves in the possession of great and substantial advantages. I am far from wishing to impute mercenary motives; but there are multitudes in the country who are not so scrupulous. It is evident, at any rate, that it is at least an unhappy feature in the position of affairs that personal interests of an important kind are so intimately bound up with, and dependent upon the assent and belief which are first professed, and then so considerably qualified or nullified.

The case is one which can hardly fail to exercise an unfavourable influence upon the national morality. By many it will be interpreted in the worst sense that can be put upon it, and will be held to warrant the assertion that the religious guides and teachers of the people are not so delicately sensitive and disinterested in this matter of Subscription or their defence of it as they ought to be.

I speak thus plainly on this point, because I wish to set forth what appears to amount to a most cogent reason for sweeping away and getting rid of a system which exposes multitudes of excellent men to ungracious and painful reflections of the kind just referred to.

A similar line of objection may be taken, as I have before noticed, in reference to the position of Nonconformist ministers, pledged and fettered as most of them are by schedules of doc-

trine to which they are legally bound to conform, or by doctrinal conditions imposed by chapel committees and conferences. The force of the objection must be fully allowed. There is no more to be said in defence of the pledging and binding of Nonconformist ministers than of so treating the national clergy. Clearly they ought all to be free men; free to think and to speak what they believe to be the truth; and it is unworthy of the nation and unworthy of the sects and churches to require their religious teachers to stand before the world in any other character; and, let me add, it is unworthy of clergymen and ministers alike to submit to it. They ought all to "strike"!

Another point to notice is that explanations and qualifications which have been offered as to the import of assent and belief, elaborate as they sometimes are, are not found to be very happy, when actually applied to the doctrinal statements in reference to which they are made. A man assents to the Articles, but, we are told, he need not believe them, at least as they stand. As Mr. Haweis has expressed it, he accepts their "substance," but not necessarily their "form."¹ He has (or claims) the right to distinguish between *form* and *substance*. Apply this to a particular case, as, for example, the Fourth Article. In this we read, "Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again His body, with flesh, bones, and all things pertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until He return to judge all men at the last day." The "substance" of this is, that Christ went up to heaven with His material body, there to remain till He return to the earth at the last day. The subscribing clergyman "assents" to this; but does he believe it? In many cases, no doubt, he does so; in others most probably he does not, at least not in its obvious sense. He rejects the

¹ *Contemporary Review*, February, 1881.

"form," and takes only the "substance;" in other words, he puts his own private meaning into the words, and understands them as he will. How far then does this liberty extend? May the subscriber go even so far as to put a negative to the words "went up," and read them, "went not up"? But, however this may be, it must be noted that the right of private interpretation thus exercised is arbitrarily assumed. The subscribing clergyman is nowhere authorised to take the words in any but the literal sense. And how indeed could "diversities of opinions" be avoided, and "consent touching true religion" secured (the very ends for which the Articles were drawn up),¹ if every man were to be free to put his own interpretation upon them?

The question remains, Can a man truthfully *assent* to what he does not *believe*, in the case of distinct propositions such as the above? Yes, Mr. Haweis has told us, in his illustrations from the child's picture-book, and from the case of republicans living under a monarchy. These illustrations, it must be confessed, are singular, and perhaps a little below the dignity of the subject. Unfortunately, too, the cases are not very helpful to the purpose for which they are brought forward. A man "assents" to the use of pictures unnaturally coloured, because they please a child, and he does not believe in the colours. But then he does not repeatedly *say* that he believes in them. A republican also who lives under a monarchy, assents to it without believing in it. But *does* he even assent to it? And at all events again, if he be a sincere and straightforward man, he will refrain from *saying* that he believes in it. In this respect his case is surely quite a different one from that of the clergyman who virtually says very emphatically that he both assents to the Articles and believes in them.

¹ See the "heading" of 1629, with "His Majesty's Declaration" attached. *Interleaved Prayer-Book*, p. 365.

And what is it that he says he believes about them? It is that their doctrine is "agreeable to the Word of God." But this surely is only another way of saying he believes that their doctrine is *true*; for is not "the Word of God" to be considered as the highest truth?

When, again, it is held, as by Mr. Voysey² and others, that the *legal* is the measure of the moral obligation as regards assent and belief, this may be admitted. But then it is to be remembered, the law when appealed to has held that the obvious sense of the *formularies*, qualified in due measure by the historical considerations which bear upon their interpretation, is *the* sense in which the clergy are bound to receive their statements. Surely this has been established in recent years by the case of Mr. Voysey himself, and of others who might be named. Was he not deprived because he was found to have departed from the obvious grammatical and historical sense? This, therefore, is clearly the *legal* sense in which the Articles should be assented to and the Creeds believed, and other *formularies* used; and there is nowhere any provision for relieving a subscriber from this sense, or allowing him to introduce a meaning which he finds more suitable to his own state of mind. If it be said that until the law has pronounced in each given case, no meaning is defined, and therefore it is allowable to take the Articles, &c., in a man's own, it may be non-natural, sense: obviously, it may be replied, this is straining the right of private interpretation beyond its legal limit. The law, so far as it has pronounced at all, does not give an unlimited licence, but requires the plain (historical) sense to be put upon the documents. This fact cannot but be well known to all concerned, even from such cases as those of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Heath. One, therefore, who goes beyond this, that is, who interprets in some wider or

² *Modern Review*, January, 1881.

private and artificial sense of his own, evidently does not allow the law to define for him the moral obligation, but is simply following the arbitrary devices and desires of his own judgment. He is over-riding or neglecting the law.

It is held, however, that some sort of enforced Subscription is *necessary*, and must continue to be so. Thus Mr. Sarson¹ points out that "if we come together to worship God . . . it must be because we believe something about Him." And again, "if people believe anything definite, it must be well both for themselves and for the truth's sake that they should say what it is." Quite so. Let every man have liberty to say freely what he believes true; but do not let him be compelled to say as other people believe, or have believed, whether he personally believes it or not! And yet no doubt Mr. Sarson is right in holding that there must be some basis of common belief and sentiment on which the Church shall stand, by virtue of which its constituent members shall cohere together and form one worshipping body. But is it really necessary that the "something" to be thus admitted shall be so complicated and unmanageable, so fettering and ensnaring to private thought on many subjects, as the Creeds and Articles of the Church of England, or their equivalent, a chapel schedule of Calvinistic doctrines? If no person has, or ever had, or could have, the *right* to impose his own views of divine truths upon another, it would seem to be the wisest course to fall back upon something that is simpler, something which all religious men would be willing to accept, and which too it may be less difficult to find, than might at first sight appear. Christ has nowhere sought to impose dogmas upon his followers, but usually acted, in fact, in a very different spirit.² Might we not seek to imitate

this example and go back to "something" which should express the same broad and just spirit—as, for example, to those sentences from the two Testaments which form the introduction to Morning and Evening Prayer, which it can hardly be doubted that religious men of every name would accept, and heartily "assent" to and even "believe"—would accept, I mean, in the sense of including them, whatever *more* each man might separately hold for himself and within his own private thought?

As the world grows older and wiser, it cannot be doubted, minute, historical, metaphysical definitions of doctrine will become more and more distasteful, not only to laymen, but also to the clergy; and it will only be on some broad basis of a simple and practical kind that thoughtful men will be willing to unite together in a common church. Indeed, may it not be held that the simple *desire to worship*—the simple desire to unite with fellow-men in the worship of the Divine Father—is basis enough? This, too, implies a creed, though it be not definitely formulated—a creed of the most deep and searching importance. Why should we trouble ourselves to set up any other? Especially why call in Acts of Parliament or of Convocation, or Assemblies or Conferences, to devise for us elaborate and complicated forms of dogma, about which hardly any two persons are found to agree, and which have been and will be a constant source of disquiet and controversy within the churches?

Such a basis as that now suggested would naturally allow liberty of judgment in regard to theological doctrines and the interpretation of Scripture. It would thus encourage sincerity of thought and thoroughness of discussion; and these could only be favourable in the long run to the cause of truth. Men might, indeed, still differ from each other, and would therefore probably group themselves into congregations and churches, much as at present. This they would do even by

¹ *Modern Review*, January, 1881.

² See Matthew vii. 21; John xiii. 34, 35; Mark xii. 28-34.

virtue of the freedom of movement, and of speech which ministers and people would possess. So, too, the present and the future would be largely released from all undue bondage to the past, which, it should surely be remembered, really knew less on almost every conceivable subject than is known in these later times. Why, then, should the men of our day be required to "assent" and "believe," to pledge themselves to assent and believe, just as people did in the sixteenth, or seventeenth, or even the eighteenth, or any other century? The proceeding seems absurd on the face of it, and could be tolerated in no possible subject of human knowledge, except theology. But in the field of theology such a course is especially unreasonable, for is not the Divine Spirit, even in this present age, revealing to us, year after year, more and more of the ways and wonders of His doings? Yet we, short-sighted mortals as we are, have shut ourselves up within our creeds, and articles, and trust deeds, and confessions of faith, in such a way that we cannot receive even the divinest message with free and open minds!

But this will come to an end in time. It will do so all the sooner, if the clergy and the Nonconformist ministers, who are now under the bondage of Subscription and chapel orthodoxy, would but work and speak aloud and openly, as indeed some few of them do, for this result. The nation would

respond to their call, if any considerable number of them would only hold it up faithfully as a great object to be aimed at by men who are free, honest, and devout. In this way they could not fail to bring about the much-needed change from uncomfortable restraint to reasonable liberty. But such a change, it is safe to say, will not be reached by the course which is now so much pursued. Subscription, with its equivalents, will not be abolished by simply submitting to it and excusing it, and proving carefully how little it may mean; by going on, year after year, erecting new chapels with stringent schedules attached to them, and accepting these old relics of past belief, too often of past ignorance or intolerance, as if they were a direct revelation from Heaven itself.

It is much to be hoped that coming years will see a wiser and braver spirit more widely prevail, and a stand made at last, not by isolated individuals here and there, but by some considerable number of those concerned against the demand made upon them to assent and believe just as a past generation has been pleased to prescribe to them. For, disguise it as we may, this, and just this, is now the position; and the sooner it is put an end to the better—the better for the nation, for the cause of religion, and for the credit of our common Christianity.

VANCE SMITH.

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.

RECENT events bring the social condition of the Russian people once more prominently before us, and in the present disorganised state of the empire it becomes a question of some importance, What is the influence of the Russian Church on public opinion? It suggests the larger question, What is the normal influence, under ordinary circumstances, of the clergy on the social life of the Russian people? What is it compared with the influence of the English clergy on English society?

The Church of England and the Church of Russia have much in common. Whatever may be the existing differences, doctrinal or formal, in the two ecclesiastical establishments, there are also many points of contact, among which may be mentioned the national character of the two Churches, their common protest against Rome, their conflicts with dissent, and their difficulties in relation to State interference, so as to steer clear of sacerdotalism on the one hand, and Erastianism on the other. As in this country, so in Russia, the early history of the nation is inseparably connected with the history of the Church; and the lives of the patriarchs of Moscow, like those of the archbishops of Canterbury, are closely bound up with the life of the nation. Russia has had its Henry VIII. in Ivan the Terrible, its Cardinal Wolsey in the patriarch Nicon.

So, too, the changes in the relations of Church and State introduced by Peter the Great, bear—*mutatis mutandis*—a striking resemblance to the ecclesiastical policy of Queen Elizabeth. The subordination of the spiritual to the secular power has been rendered comparatively easy in Russia because of the Byzantine origin and traditions

of the Russian Church, and, at a later period, its fear of the aggressions of Rome. Thus it has happened that the bishops and clergy of the Russian Church have been mainly the supporters, rarely the independent antagonists, of the State power. During the ages of chivalry in Russia, as in the rest of Europe, the country received invaluable aid from the Church at critical moments. The ancient monasteries were the fortresses whence issued the Monks of St. Basil, in a holy crusade both against the Tartar domination and the invasion of the Poles; wars of independence were waged by the "black clergy," rather than the Boyards.

In more modern times, again, it was religious fervour which repelled the invasion of the army of Napoleon, whilst at the present moment the Panslavonic enthusiasm of the people receives its chief impetus from religious mysticism and the patriotic zeal of the Russian clergy.

This intimate relationship of Church and State has, however, corresponding disadvantages. In securing perfect independence from the Rome on the Tiber and the Rome on the Bosphorus, by a too ready subserviency to the Imperial power, the Church lost her liberty. A century after her independence from Constantinople was secured, the Patriarchate of Moscow was abolished by Imperial authority. The creation of the Holy Synod in its place practically put the Czar at the head of the Church. Thus, when Peter the Great was asked to restore the office, he cried, "I am your patriarch;" and when he threw down his hunting-knife on the table with the words, "There is your patriarch!" he by a typical act ratified the subjection of the Church, and its

degradation to a department of the Imperial service. To this, in part, may be attributed the loss of dignity and social consideration suffered by the bulk of the Russian clergy. But Peter also lowered the position of "ecclesiastical persons," by preventing men of rank and station from entering the Church, to secure their services in other departments of the State; thus leaving parishes to be served by men of low extraction, mean attainments, and coarse habits. The clerical office became hereditary to all intents and purposes, thus reducing the ministry to a caste system, and speedily producing a clerical proletariat, which has been falling ever since in public estimation, till it has lost what little social influence it once possessed. As in England, before the Danish and Norman invasions, the higher class of clergy were attracted by the monasteries, whilst the parochial priests formed an inferior order, so in Russia the "black clergy" have always monopolised the wealth and education of the Church, whilst the village priests have been dependent mainly on the offerings of the people, augmented by the exaction of fees for the performance of sacred functions. This in many cases has been little less than extortion, as when Christian burial has been withheld, until the exorbitant demands of the officiating priest were satisfied, or where a peasant, begging the parish priest to make haste to apply extreme unction to his dying child, is refused until the poor man promises to give him his best goose, or his only sucking-pig. Such traffic in sacred things has led to a popular saying, that "the priest takes from the living and the dead," whilst stories of folklore even contain allusions to the grasping spirit of the country clergy. One of these is given in full by Mr. Ralston in his *Russian Folk-tales*.

Here we have a reverend father refusing to bury an old man's wife.

"Lend a hand, reverend father, to get my old woman buried."

"But have you got the money to pay for the funeral? pay up beforehand."

The money is not forthcoming, and the priest remains inexorable. In his despair the old man digs a grave, and lo and behold he finds a treasure deep down in the earth. Delighted, he runs to the pope with a ducat in his hand.

"Here's gold for you. If you'll only bury my old woman, I'll never forget your kindness."

The pope takes the money.

"Well now, old friend! Be of good cheer; everything shall be done," says he.

At the funeral feast he eat enough for three people, and "looked greedily at what was not his."

After this, when all have departed, the pope worms out the secret of the poor man's lately discovered treasure, and fixes on the following stratagem to possess himself of it.

"Listen, mother," he says to his wife, "we've a goat, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"All right then; we'll wait till it's night, and then we'll do the job properly!"

The goat is killed, and the skin, with horns and beard, taken off. The pope pulls the goatskin over himself and says to his wife—

"Bring the needle and thread, mother, and fasten up the skin all round, so that it mayn't slip off."

This done he makes off for the poor man's cottage, and makes a noise by means of knocking and scratching under the window. The old man jumps up and inquires—

"Who's there?"

"The devil."

"Ours is a holy spot!" cries the peasant, and begins to cross himself and to pray.

"Listen, old man," says the pope. "From me thou wilt not escape, although thou mayst pray, and cross thyself; much better give me back my pot of money, otherwise I'll make thee pay for it."

The old man, looking out of the

window, sees the goat's horns and beard, and believes it to be the devil himself.

He flings the pot of money out of window, and the pope seizes it and hastens homewards.

The story ends with poetic justice.

"Come," says he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goatskin off me before any one sees it."

She does so, and blood comes out of the seam, and the pope howls—

"Oh! it hurts, mother, it hurts! Don't cut, mother, don't cut!"

She tries in another place, the same result, and the goatskin cleaves to the greedy priest all the days of his life. This shows in what light the parish priest must have been regarded by his villagers at one time or another to give rise to such a legend at all. It is not the only one of its kind.

Such traditional disrespect towards the clergy is not easily rooted out. The monastic clergy being by reason of their vows debarred from social intercourse, and the secular clergy having lost almost entirely that social consideration among the ruling classes which is enjoyed by the clergy of other countries, it follows that clerical influence on social life has been almost reduced to a cypher. There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions, and the Government has been for some time endeavouring to raise the condition of the parish priests materially and mentally, whilst the Panslavist party and others have sought to awaken feelings of reverence and regard for the National Church for national purposes.

There are not wanting "poor priests" who in their quiet, gentle way, manage to endear themselves to the hearts of their simple parishioners, and to hold up a standard of comfort, order, and domestic decency in the most backward country-places. Nor are there wanting honourable exceptions of well-informed and even

highly-cultured secular priests who have obtained a high position in the ecclesiastical seminaries and academies within the last quarter of a century, as in the case of Dr. Yanycheff and others. A silent revolution is no doubt preparing in the Russian Church, but its progress is slow. Thus in 1862 a society of friends of spiritual enlightenment was formed in Moscow, and ten years later a similar association, in St. Petersburg, with a Grand Duke at its head, for the purpose of reviving Church life. In the programme the fact is acknowledged with regret that "the clergy have assumed the position and habits of a caste, whilst the Russian Church is exposed to the attacks of an alleged lifelessness altogether opposed to the nature of the Orthodox faith." The association consisted of forty members, of whom one-seventh only were clergymen. It helped in bringing about a *rapprochement* with the Old Catholics and Anglicans, but its present activity appears to be very limited.

This fact is easily accounted for. The religious apathy of the nobles, and the spread of scepticism among the educated classes generally, foster the feeling of irreverence for religion and its representatives, and this necessarily reacts unfavourably on the character of the clergy. Excluded as they are from the circle of the cultured classes, they seek compensation in isolated self-indulgence, and relapse into semi-barbarism, satisfied if they can impress the masses by the exhibition of an elaborate ceremonial, but utterly incapable of exercising that superior moral force and intellectual ascendancy over the minds and hearts of the people, in the absence of which the clergy become simply a body of religious functionaries, despised by the higher and dreaded by the lower orders of society, and thus failing entirely in the spiritual leadership of the nation.

The Russian Church may be considered, therefore, as in a state of

arrested development; and, viewed in this light, there are not a few lessons to be learned from its past history and present condition.

In the inexperience and shortcomings of less matured individuals around us, we see reflected our own "dead selves," and in not a few cases may learn silently to correct some consequences of past errors, and detect tendencies still exercising a baneful influence, or threatening to do so in the future. Similar lessons may be learned by a Church further advanced than its sister, and now in full possession of those gifts which enable it to exercise a wholesome and powerful influence on the mind and life of the nation.

Now there are five points of criticism of this kind which the present characteristics and shortcomings of the Russian Church suggest to our mind. Unlike the five points of Calvinism, these are of a negative character, and may be expressed in the following five terms—Inconsistency, Inadaptability, Incompetency, Immobility, and Inactivity, by which we mean the personal inconsistency of the great bulk of the clergy, which retards the elevation of the masses; an inadaptability to their social environments, which precludes them, by reason of their rigid ecclesiasticism, from becoming a real force in society; intellectual incompetency, in consequence of faulty and insufficient training, which prevents their becoming the educators of the people; reactionary immobility, which becomes a serious impediment to social progress; and last, but by no means least, the inactivity and want of expansive power in missions of Christian philanthropy, which arises from a sense of ineptitude or the indifference of despair—in short, the absence of that dynamic force of spiritual life which alone can preserve a nation from internal corruption.

It is worth our while to dwell briefly on each of these points in particular.

1. Like the Roman Church before the Reformation, so the Russian Church is most corrupt in country districts. What Carlyle says of the rapacity of the French Church immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution is true here too—namely, that "our Church stands haltered, dumb, like a dumb ox; lowing only for provender (of tithes); content if it can have that; or with dumb stupor, expecting its further doom." It represents a system of imposts and fiscal finesse. It levies even blackmail on dissent, receiving bribes in consideration of abstinence from fanatical persecution. The manners and mutual relations of the clergy, so far from being a pattern to their flock, are, in many instances, characterised by brutal vulgarity and cringing obsequiousness. Count Tolstoi, in a report to the Emperor on matters connected with the Russian Church, mentions intemperance and unmannerly conduct towards one another and their flocks, among the chief faults of the clergy which bring disgrace on the clerical profession. Scenes of clerical life describing the social influences of the different varieties of the English country parson, as we see them depicted in the pages of George Eliot, in the gentle touches of Jane Austen, or even in the more satirical delineations of Anthony Trollope, are not to be found in Russian books of fiction. If we meet, as we do but seldom, with any allusion to the life of the clergy, they are introduced either in the character of Gretna Green divines as promoters of illicit marriages—as, for example, in the last chapter of Tourgénieff's *Virgin Soil*—or as the abettors of violent Nihilists, at war with existing society, as in Tchernychevsky's novel entitled *Que faire?*

Or worse still, we see them depicted in the character of ordinary village priests, with unpleasant personal peculiarities and coarse habits which make it difficult for members of society to treat them as on an equality with them-

selves, though showing the ordinary respect due to their office.

In a well-known story by Tourgueniev describing provincial life in Russia, entitled *Une Nichée de Gentilshommes*, a gruff, unmannerly priest is introduced, who, after officiating at a domestic service, is invited to take tea. He behaves very much as Dr. Johnson is described as behaving after his fifteenth or sixteenth cup at Mrs. Thrale's, without displaying, however, the wit and resource of the great lexicographer, and before leaving, favours his hearers with an infallible recipe against freckles.

Numerous other instances might be cited from popular Russian writers, giving similar and worse descriptions of the country clergy, and their characteristics as types of social life.

It is useless to dwell on the influence of such men on the manners and morals of the people. No wonder that the parish priest becomes the laughingstock of the nobles,¹ and is shunned like a Buddhist priest by the common people, so that meeting one by the roadside is considered a bad omen. His intercourse with the great is generally restricted to an annual visit of ceremony when he comes to bless the mansions of his parishioners and to receive his dues, though not always permitted to see the face of the master of the house. His visits to the poor are confined to professional calls, which not unfrequently end in drinking-bouts; but, under ordinary circumstances, priestly visits are decidedly unwelcome.

2. Again, in a country of excessive officialism (the whole of Russia has been compared to a large garrison), and where, moreover, the union of Caesarism and Clericalism is complete,

¹ Mr. Wallace mentions the case of one "who was ducked in the pond on a cold winter day for the amusement of the proprietor and his guests"; and of another, "who, having neglected to take off his hat as he passed the proprietor's house, was put into a barrel and rolled down a hill into the river." —Wallace, *Russia*, vol. i. p. 93.

the ministers of religion naturally form a clerical bureaucracy, and in their professional seclusion fail to adapt themselves to the exigencies of social life. A prominent lay-writer in this country is allowed, from his well-known regard for the Established Church, to address a body of clergy in the metropolis, and shows on that occasion, in a very able and sympathetic paper, that the Church of England is, and ought to be, a national institution for the promotion of righteousness. Such a thing is impossible in Russia. For a *littérateur* of Mr. Matthew Arnold's standing and accomplishments to address the clergy of St. Petersburg on a similar topic is an impossible thought. Russian society, sceptical to the core, has unfortunately a parochial clergy utterly incapable of putting itself into relation with the thinking portion of the community, a clergy among whom men of literature and men of the world alike have ceased to look for learning or moral elevation.² Neither in their writings nor in their ministrations, still less in social intercourse, are the Russian clergy as a body able, or apparently willing, to enter into the discussion of those problems of life and mind which border on religion. But the negation of the infinite leads inevitably to Nihilism; and philosophical Nihilism, in its practical application, ends in the disintegration of the social and moral life of the nation. In fact, the influence of the clergy at this momentous crisis is most unwholesome, it is that of the salt which has lost its savour.

3. A word now on the inefficiency or incompetency of the ordinary clergy. Illiterate themselves, furnished with scanty information picked up in ill-organised seminaries, they fail entirely as pioneers of culture among one of the most backward peasantries of modern Europe. The influence of a

² Among the black clergy there are, however, eminent writers, especially on Church history. The above remarks refer to the parochial clergy in town and country.

moderately educated clergy over rude people has been signally exemplified in the case of the Roman clergy, who conquered the conquerors, and became the sole civilising power during the incursion of the barbarians. The influence of a well-informed clergy in the country districts of Great Britain is another telling instance of civilising power in a Christian ministry. In vain do we look for a similar influence in Russia.

"God be thanked," a devout Russian layman is reported to have said, "the Eastern Church has never ruled that religious light and instruction are confined to the clergy!" It is a pity that what light there is is almost entirely confined to the laity, who themselves are only in the possession of refracted light from German and French sources. But an ignorant priesthood will of necessity put impediments in the way of intellectual advancement. Thus we find the reading of the Bible not forbidden indeed, yet at the same time not encouraged. Priest and people kiss the book reverentially, but otherwise neglect it. Cases have come under the notice of the present writer of copies of the Bible having been carefully wrapped up and put by in the houses of peasants with the remark, "Now, little mother, the good God cannot be hard on us when we have such a sacred treasure in the house." Religious ignorance accordingly reigns supreme. An instance, related by an English traveller, of a Russian peasant who, being asked if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, replied without hesitation, "Of course, it is the Saviour, the Mother of God, and Saint Nicholas the Miracle-worker,"—is by no means a very unusual exhibition of ignorance. Religion amounts in many cases to mere Czar-worship. "What kind of obedience do we owe to the Czar?" inquires the Catechism. Answer: "An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view." The Czar, in short, is

"the infallible vicegerent of God Almighty." The devotions of the people are reduced to mechanical formulæ, there are no service books in which to follow the prayers of the Church, and sermons are seldom preached to appeal to their minds and consciences. The sight of a small prayer-book in the hand of a lady at mass causes much concern to an old-fashioned church-goer in one of Tourgnieff's novels: "What is she about?" he exclaims. "God forgive me! She must be a witch—or what?"

In the report on ecclesiastical matters by Count Tolstoi, already referred to—a rather portly volume—two pages only are occupied with preaching, where it says, however, very properly, that the religious and moral education of the people depends on Church schools and preaching in the first instance. Religious acts are regarded more in the light of magic incantations, and religious belief degenerates into debasing superstition. Faith in the wonder-working power of *icons* and sacred relics is unbounded.

Lest any of our readers should imagine this account of clerical deficiency, as the cause of popular ignorance, to be overdrawn, we give an extract from one of the latest productions of Tourgnieff, whose fidelity in describing the social conditions of his country is unquestioned, and whose novels are acknowledged to be most exact photographs of society.

He is describing a scene in church, and the conversation of the Pope (or priest) in the house afterwards. The passage occurs in the 7th chapter of Mr. Ashton Dilke's translation of *Virgin Soil*.

"Father Cyprian, a priest of the most reverend appearance, in full costume, read a most instructive sermon from a book; unfortunately the worthy father considered it necessary to bring in the names of certain Assyrian kings, over the pronunciation of which he became much embarrassed; and though he showed

off his learning, yet it cost him much perspiration."

On retiring to the house, Father Cyprian relates his conversation with the Bishop during the tour of the latter through the diocese.

"He is severe—very severe," affirmed Father Cyprian. "First asks one about one's parish, about matters generally, and then examines one. He turned to me, too, 'Which is the feast day of thy Church?' 'The Transfiguration of the Saviour,' I replied. 'Dost know the collect for that day?' 'Of course I know it.' 'Sing it.' Of course I began, 'Christ our God was transfigured on the mount,' &c. 'Stop! What is the Transfiguration, and how is one to interpret it?' 'Simply enough,' I answer; 'Christ wished to show His glory to His disciples.' 'Good!' he answered; 'here is an image for you in remembrance.' I fell at the Bishop's knees and thanked him; so I did not go away empty."

This is characteristic both of the implied ignorance of the village priest, and of his obsequiousness towards the monastic superior, his Ordinary. The effect of this on the minds of the higher classes, half-cultured themselves, *blasés*, and morally vitiated, is most pernicious, whilst students of science and the Modern Russian party, with its strong leanings towards realistic views of life, turn away disgusted from the teaching of a clergy whom they consider only as ignorant boors. The Nihilist conspirators mostly belong to this advanced section, and it is a notable fact that not one of them when condemned in former State trials, would have anything to do with the "comforts of religion," but scornfully rejected the offices of the Church in the extreme moment.

4. Incompetency and immobility are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. People deficient in mental power naturally relapse into the stationary condition of mental inaction. While conscious capacity is not afraid of ven-

turing out upon the high sea of discovery, timid incapacity prefers sailing along the coast, close under shelter of land. The stars of heaven are sufficient guidance for the former; a dim revolving light at the neighbouring station suffices for the latter. The Russian Church has all along preferred the dim religious light from that dilapidated watch-tower called Tradition. In its present chaotic state, with no independent head to guide its movements, and wanting the intellectual light of a superior clergy, it lacks the progressive flexibility of the Western Churches, where the paralysing hand of State despotism in the senate and the synod has not abruptly arrested self-development. Indolent repose and enforced immobility, are peculiar traits of Eastern thought and life; we are therefore prepared to find a strong conservative tendency pervading the Russian establishment. The stirring activity of the West has produced an opposite effect in ecclesiastical systems nearer home. With us, for example, at the present moment of high pressure, the restless activity of the country, in business, reacts on Church organisation, and produces much of the bustle and unrest in Church work which are at once signs of progress and symptoms of unhealthy excitement engendered thereby. What is encouraging in the fact is the parallel movement, *pari passu*, of the Church and the world in a similar direction, though that movement is surrounded by dangers of its own. "We may learn something," says Dean Stanley in his well-known lectures on the Eastern Church, "from the sight of a calm strength, reposing in the quietness and confidence of a treasure of hereditary belief." But we may learn another lesson, of the danger of relying too confidently on the immutability of a crystallised dogmatism, and of clinging too tenaciously to stereotyped symbolism and antiquated ceremonial. To preserve "the manners, dress, and speech of the days of the Patriarchs and Pha-

raohs" in the nineteenth century, may, as a matter of archaic idiosyncracy, be innocent enough. But the Russian Church does more than this—it refuses not only to turn its face to the light of modern criticism and discovery, but obstinately rejects all changes whatever, and attaches ridiculous importance to the merest trifles in its supreme horror of innovations.

Thus, in the fifteenth century, an Archbishop of Novgorod declared solemnly that those who repeat the word "Alleluiah" only twice in certain parts of the Liturgy, "sing to their own damnation." Two centuries later, among the condemned innovations of Nicon it was an unpardonable sin to allow the established clergy to give the benediction with three fingers instead of two; and in the beginning of the last century it was gravely laid down that to smoke tobacco was a violation of the divine law, for it has been said that, "not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of a man defileth him."

The wearing of beards was even thought at one time essential to salvation, as the absence of beard appears among some ecclesiastical persons among ourselves to be part of a sublime symbolism. "Where," asks one of the patriarchs of Moscow, "will those who shave their chins stand in the last day?—among the righteous adorned with beards, or among the beardless heretics?" Where, indeed? This obstinate refusal of all change, and fixed determination never to leave the outworn grooves of obsolete usage is bringing about a complete divorce between the Church and the world, the clergy and the educated classes.

The symbolical act of excluding the laity from the sight even of the highest act of religion in the Holy Communion, marks the complete absence of communion of interest between priest and people in every-day life. Unable, because of their own ecclesiastical immobility, to stir up the turgid ignorance of the masses, and incapable

of keeping abreast with the rapid advance of modern civilisation in the ruling classes, the Russian clergy have become the ministers of a debased superstition to the one, and the object of dislike and derision to the other. Like the French clergy of the revolutionary epoch, they are hated by the philosophers with the *passion irreligieuse* on account of their ignorant fanaticism; and are losing their hold on the people, now being roused from their long sleep into rebellion, by reason of their unprincipled exactions, and their incapacity in most cases of sympathising with the popular cause. Both higher and lower classes alike refuse to be influenced by a body of men who appear in the light of blind supporters of a dual despotism in Church and State. In the meantime the Russian Dissenters, like the Puritans of old and the modern English political Dissenters, naturally incline towards democracy. They are gaining ground among the mercantile classes, and with that increasing number of thriving individuals who are beginning to form the nucleus of a vigorous middle class in Russia, and who have a great future before them.

5. We come in the last place to speak of the inactivity of the Russian Church in the direction of missionary effort and philanthropy. It is used, indeed, at times as a State-engine for the suppression of heresy where the extinction of rival religions in newly-acquired, or otherwise unmanageable, provinces, becomes a question of statecraft. For this purpose its own persecuting proclivities and slavish subserviency to those in power make it a very terrible instrument. But excepting some few fine instances of missionary zeal and devotion, no enthusiasm of humanity, nor expansive force of Christian zeal have as yet produced in Russia great religious and social reformers like Wilberforce, or great enthusiasms, like the Methodist revival, the Oxford movement, or the Christian socialism

of Maurice and Kingsley. There is still a strong religious instinct in the body of the laity, and a great tendency to mystic piety even among the higher classes. But it receives little aliment, or none, from the representatives of religion. The Church is dead and cold. If there are noble religious impulses, they are smothered behind convent walls. The moral power of the Church is gone. What M. Taine says of the French Church before the outbreak of the Revolution (to make one more comparison) is true of the Russian Church in its attitude towards the Nihilistic revolt—it is utterly helpless in the conscious absence of all spiritual force, impotent with the impotence of enervating worldliness, and prostrated by the humiliating conviction of its own effete inanition.

What may be expected from the influence of such a Church in a national crisis like that through which the Russian Empire is now passing? On the one hand we see a clergy without ideals, without belief in its Mission,¹ without faith in high principle! On the other hand, a society steeped in materialism and scepticism, and on the verge of moral bankruptcy! The general outlook is very dark. What the Church may become as a spiritual agency for the regeneration of Russian society of the future it is impossible to imagine. We can only confine ourselves to what we know to be the case now. There is no intention on the part of the present writer to draw the picture darker than it is. But his studies, and his intercourse with those who know, have left the sad

¹ "The Russian clergy have no faith," says Ivan Golowin, a competent writer on such a subject. "The sons and daughters of clergymen are declared Nihilists."

impression on his mind that the Russian Church, as a national institution, has ceased to be, for the time being, an important factor in the growth of the national life. There is no virtue, or "truth-force," going out of it. It is an almost lifeless body of clay. It requires to undergo a transformation process before it can hope to become a healing power in the State, and a spiritual lifting force among the people.

The lessons which sister Churches in the West may learn from these deficiencies of the Russian Church are simply so many warnings against:—

1. A degeneracy into selfish Utilitarianism in Church and State.
2. The tendency of too readily dividing secular and sacred interests, instead of endeavouring to bring about a sympathetic and harmonious adjustment of them for the common good.
3. The neglect of higher culture among the clergy, which disables them from grappling with the intellectual difficulties of a stirring age.

4. The *non-possimus* cry of reactionists in Church assemblies, refusing the timely revision of forms and formularies which have ceased to satisfy modern cravings.

5. The indolence and indifference of the clergy in stirring times towards burning questions that affect the moral and social well-being of the great mass of the people. For such an attitude diverts popular support from Established Churches, and virtually prevents them from fulfilling their noble destiny of marching in the van of human progress, encouraging and consoling the pioneers of truth and goodness by their light and leading.

M. KAUFMANN.

TIMOLEON.

[See *Plutarch's Lives.*]

THE night before he sailed for Sicily,
 Timoleon, leader of a noble band,
 Did to the partners of his toil address
 These words, or words not all unlike to these—

“ Friends, fellows with me in one grand emprise,
 Who wait but for the early light, prepared
 Soon as the pale east glimmers into gold,
 Boldly to launch into the open sea ;
 Friends, who shall not the temper of your souls
 One jot abate, till Sicily once more
 Is nurse of beauteous arts, of kindly men,
 And haunt once more of Presences divine ;
 Some pages in the story of my life
 To you are known ; 'twere well you should know all.
 The Sun-god with his crown of light and robes
 Of rosy red is yet far off, and gives
 No signals of his coming ; hearken then ;
 The story may do more than cheat the time.

“ My brother,—he was known to some of you ;
 By some, I think, was loved. I loved him well ;
 And bear upon my body to this hour
 The print of Argive spears, which, meant for him,
 Prone lying, headlong from his saddle thrown,
 I took for mine on one disastrous day.
 Well pleased I saw him step by step advance
 From high to higher, till our common weal
 Owned none that owned a greater name than his.
 But ah ! the pang, when to be great among us
 Seemed not to him enough : he must be all ;
 And so, misusing power too lightly lent,
 He changed our laws at will, and citizens
 Sent uncondemned, untried, to bloody dooms.
 In vain I warned him there was wrath abroad,
 That this proud city of the double sea
 Had never unto tyrants bowed the neck,
 And would not now ; and more than this I did.
 Two taking with me of our chief of men,
 A suppliant at his feet I knelt, I fell ;
 Only to find, too often found before,
 Derision and a fierce resolve that bad
 Should grow to worse. In the end I stood aside,

And in my mantle, weeping, hid my face,
 While the dread deed that should make Corinth free
 Was acted. When the rumour of it spread,
 Some said it was well done, and some said ill ;
 Some called me fratricide, and some were fain
 To honour, as men honour saviour gods.
 I could have borne the praise, or borne the blame,
 And lived my own life, little heeding either ;
 But presently thick darkness fell on me,
 When she that bare, and once had loved us both,
 Stern mother, took the part of her dead son
 Against the living ; me saw never more,
 Refused to look upon my face again,
 And, granting no forgiveness, lived and died.

“ I meanwhile, laden with a mother's curse,
 By those avenging goddesses pursued,
 That fright the doers of strange deeds of blood,
 In solitary places far astray,
 On the wild hills, beside the lone sea-shore,
 Wandered, a man forbidden and forlorn :
 The glory and the gladness of my youth,
 Its unreturning opportunities,
 All gone ;—how then I hated streets and schools,
 And all the faces that one met in them ;
 And hated most of all myself, until
 It little lacked but that with hands profane
 I had laid waste the temple of my life,
 And ended all.

“ While thus it fared with me,
 The slow years dragging on their sullen length,
 A cry of anguish travelled o'er the deep
 From that fair island of the western wave,
 Dear to the goddess of the foodful earth,
 Dear to the pale Queen of the underworld ;
 Which now, as daughter unto mother fleeing,
 Bemoaned her sad fate, wrecked and shorn and torn,
 Scorched and consumed in Moloch's furnace fires,
 A solitude of hate, till now the grass
 Grew rank in her untrodden streets, and worse
 Than wild beasts harboured in her marble halls.

“ You know the rest,—what pity filled all hearts
 When the sad story of her wrongs was heard,
 That now is Cynosure of all our eyes ;
 And yet withal how hard it proved to choose
 A captain of the liberating host ;
 And some cried one, and some another name,
 While this man doubted of himself, and that
 Was doubted of by others ; till at last
 One from the concourse cried ' Timoleon,'
 Name strange to lips of men for twice ten years.
 Some say it was a voice from heaven, and some

The word of a plain simple countryman.
I know not. It perchance was both in one.
But this or that, all hailed it as the thought
And inspiration of the holy gods :
And one whose word went far, bespake me thus :
' Do well, and we shall count thee tyrant-slayer :
Do ill, and name we name not shall be thine.'

"The end proves all ; and that is still to come ;
And yet sometimes I nigh persuade myself
I have drunk out the bitter of my life ;
And if I only keep the truth, you few,
My few, shall scatter Africk's alien hordes,
Chase worse than wild beasts from their treacherous lairs ;
The stars shall in their courses fight for us ;
And all the elements shall work for us ;
And the sweet gods of Hellas, by the shrieks
Of immolated children scared away,
These, girt already for their glad return,
Shall show how easy all things prove for them
That have immortal Helpers on their side.
And there shall wait on me, on me who seemed
Estranged for ever from the tenderness
Of human hearts, from all things good and fair,
The golden tribute of a people's love.
And when my work is ended, multitudes
Apparelled all in white, and crowned with flowers,
As on a great day of high festival,
Shall with large tears of sorrow and of joy
Bear me, a victor, to my funeral pyre :
So limns itself the future to my sight.

" But lo ! enough. The day is breaking fast,
And we are called. Hyperion's eager steeds
Are straining up the slope of eastern heaven,
And from their fiery nostrils blow the morn."

R. C. DUBLIN.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

ONE question underlies the whole subject of the Irish Land Bill:—

Will the prosperity of Ireland be most promoted by the habits and ways of the people being raised towards those of England and Scotland, or by their being kept as much as possible to their old Irish character? What is wished for the future of Ireland? Is it to go on in a backward, half-miserable state, a by-word to the rest of the kingdom, dragging England and Scotland through all kinds of dirt, as of late in the House of Commons, or gradually to reach a state of civilisation like theirs?

Mr. Gladstone lately, in the House of Commons, told improving landlords that they would have saved much money if they had worked more according to Irish usages. Does he understand Irish usages and the nature of land improvement? The same principles of dealing with both the farming and management of land that are sound and profitable in England and Scotland will also work well in Ireland, except in small details arising from climate. If a farmer without capital cannot succeed in one country, he cannot in the other. Experienced farmers, having seen numbers of like cases, can tell what will be the sure result of Irish usages. Without exception, whenever usages, unsound in principle, seem to make a profit for a time, they do so at the cost of future loss, just like over-cropping land. In spite of all assurances, there can be no doubt what is sure to happen from such usages.

That which makes English ways of dealing with land and tenants distasteful in Ireland is, that they interfere with old bad habits. It is said truly that land improvements are disliked, and an improving landlord is unpopular on that account. This is so in a measure. Though he may be fair,

upright, and charitable, and pay excellent wages, yet the people definitely prefer to be dealt with in the old, un-business-like way, under which, though they are sometimes wronged, yet they often get chances of wronging others, and gain advantages by scheming. They like business to be carried on loosely and carelessly, and with favouritism, and don't mind low wages, if the work is light.

Last winter, during the outrage committed on me, it was given out that if my labourers held tight to my cottages, my farm would come to be divided amongst them, and all would return to what it used to be in the old times. This was the Irish idea.

This feeling touches the important point, What weight is it right to give to the wishes of the people themselves on such questions?

It is often said, Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. But when the ideas are undoubtedly unsound, surely it is wrong for Parliament to enact that which is contrary to the true interests of the country.

There are many landlords in Ireland who have managed their estates in the same way as estates are managed in England, and have laid out capital largely in all sorts of improvements. The recent letters of the *Times* correspondent have surprised every one by showing the extent to which this good work has been done. It is mainly from the example of these landowners that better farming and higher wages have come in. Mr. Gladstone said, in introducing the Bill, that these men would not be included in it. If this is carried out, it will prevent great wrong being done to those who have been the pioneers of improvement, often at no small personal and money sacrifice.

The Bill proposes to regulate the

business of landowning just as much as before Mr. Huskisson's time many kinds of business were regulated by Act of Parliament. The principle is the same. The business is not to be left to be managed according to the personal objects and interests of those engaged in it, on the sound view that their self-interest will direct them better for themselves and the country, than it is possible Parliament can direct them. But secondary ends are to guide it, considered by Parliament to be of more importance. From first to last, the protection and gain of the tenant is the one point aimed at, whatever the hardship or injustice to others. However bad a tenant may be, though he has worn the heart out of his farm, he may sell his occupancy to the best bidder, and put a great bonus in his pocket. The amount he pays as rent is to be carefully regulated, lest it should be too much; and he is to hold the land for ever, unless for extraordinary faults of his own. Such protection was never given to any one else in the Three Kingdoms, and must produce the usual effect of protection.

It is not limited, as it was in the Act of 1870, to small and poor tenants, or comparatively small tenants; under 50*l.* a year. It is to include tenants paying 200*l.* a year rent and over, and is to be made as far as possible compulsory for all future time.

Now it is certain that landowning and farming are as much businesses as cotton-spinning; and every reason that made Mr. Huskisson abolish the system of regulating business by Act of Parliament fifty years ago, as being hurtful to all, applies equally to the present time, and to land.

The general idea on which the Bill has been framed is that of the Ulster tenant-right, but stretched much further than in Ulster. Mr. Gladstone has said this plainly. The leading feature of Ulster tenant-right is, that the tenant, though ever so bad a tenant, who has never spent 1*s.* in improvements, is allowed to sell his occupancy

to any solvent man of good character, the landlord being paid any arrears due, and retaining the right of raising the rent. By this Bill it is proposed to give the right of sale to all not holding by lease, though they may have hired their farms without paying a shilling to any one. This is the first F—Free Sale. The other two F's in substance follow from it, as consequences.

Even though a tenant does not pay his rent, or subdivides or sublets his farm, the landlord is to pay him a large compensation if forced to eject him for his badness. Every practical manager of land in Ireland knows that tenants only do not pay their rents, when they have so run out their land that no more can be got out of it except by manuring, for which they have neither means nor industry. It is usually bad seasons that bring on the crisis; because in fair years, with the wonderful indifference to debt, and the habits of borrowing that prevail in Ireland, it is surprising how some struggle on in idleness and drinking habits, that anywhere else would have ruined them twice over. But the true cause of their inability to pay is, that they have reduced the land so that it will yield neither crops nor grass. I have had land given up to me that would not grow weeds, and have learnt to consider a good crop of couch a favourable sign of land. A tenant left me a field, the twelve acres of which, when I had levelled the fences, would not feed one sheep. If the land was in good heart, it would be sure to pull them through. This was the true blunder of Mr. Forster's Compensation Bill of last Session. It put eighteen months more loss of rent on landlords. And as the farms of bad tenants are sure to have been run out, there was no more chance afterwards of their recovery. The fact of impoverished condition of the land of large numbers of tenants being the true cause of their ruin, is the most stubborn fact connected with the question. Parliament may ignore

it, as Mr. Forster does. But it is sure to prevail at last, one way or the other; because money, and manure, and industry, alone can get over it. The bad tenant has taken the value out by over-cropping and little manure, —which is now called reclaiming the land, and is supposed to give him a title to eternal compensation, but which is mostly exhausting land that never needed reclamation. If this loss to the owner, from the worn-out condition of the land, was honestly valued, it would be found to be very large in every case.

But on many estates the tenants have been allowed to sell their interests. Where this has been sanctioned by the landlord, and some tenants have sold and others have bought their farms, no doubt an equity in their favour has been established, and was secured to them by the Act of 1870. But there are other estates whose owners have seen that to allow a man who hires a farm to buy out a previous tenant is to deprive him of the capital by which alone he can manure and stock it, and farm it well, and also to sacrifice a large part of the owner's own reversion. It is notorious through the whole Three Kingdoms that the capital of tenants is too small for their farms; whether times are good or bad, they would do better if they had more capital. So as Ireland is much the poorest, an extra way of exhausting tenants' capital is to be enforced by Parliament, and the cost of it to be taken from the owners. This is the real difficulty of Free Sale, as the Duke of Argyll has truly shown. It is so thoroughly understood even in Ireland, that many landlords have always sacrificed arrears which the new tenant would have paid them. Many of us, too, have refused to let on fines, though very profitable, because they are an injury to the tenants by absorbing their capital.

But it is said that Free Sale works well in Ulster. In Ulster they have the advantage of some Scotch blood,

and a great trade like the linen trade circulates much capital—an advantage which is wholly absent elsewhere. And yet I believe that except in parts where the linen manufacture still flourishes, and the loom makes capital to buy land and stock it afterwards,¹ or in the neighbourhood of towns where business provides capital, the tenant-right system is not succeeding. It is quite certain that in Donegal and in all the more mountainous and remote parts of Ulster, though tenant-right is in full force, the tenants are as miserable as in the worst parts of Connaught. Mr. Tuke's evidence on this is conclusive.

Long prior to the present troubles I urged that the tenant-right system would necessarily end in making Ulster the poorest part of Ireland. That to suck an occupier dry of capital when he enters on his farm and most needs it for stocking and farming well; to take it to pay arrears due by the previous tenant, to pay debts, or to squander in drink—is a course which can only hinder the prosperity of the country; and further, that as tenant-right is always left as a chattel to widows and children, to be paid by the son who succeeds—the farm is clean pumped out of capital once in every generation. When tenants hire land without having to pay anything for it but the annual rent, it is certain that, their capital being left available, they must prosper better. My own tenants have long been doing this, and have now in consequence much more capital than their neighbours. In these times capital is the very life of good farming. Some say that high farming will not answer. That is seldom true; but if high farming will not pay, it is certain that low farming cannot do so, however low the rent. All farmers in the Three Kingdoms who are thriving are doing

¹ It is often not understood that the hand-loom weaving in cottiers' houses, once very general, enabling small lots of land to be paid for and stocked afterwards, is the true cause of tenant-right flourishing in Ulster.

so by capital. There are many instances of tenants with capital who have hired farms too dear, yet by industry and capital have made them pay, and got a gain for themselves besides. But without capital a farm cannot pay even a moderate rent. It may very well be asked whether the new Commission is to value the land at what it is worth to a tenant who has sufficient capital to farm it well, or at what it is worth to one who has paid half or three-fourths or all his available capital to the broken tenant for tenant-right?

If the tenant keeps his capital available, the farm must be well worth five shillings per acre more to him. If he has to make large permanent improvements, besides buying the tenant-right, he is still worse off. Has all knowledge of business and common sense been banished to the planets with political economy?

There has been great boasting about Lord Portsmouth's estate in Wexford. It happens to be very favourably situated near a small seaport, which helps to provide capital. Let any intelligent land manager say what must be the condition of an estate on which the tenants at entry spend a great part of their capital in buying the broken tenants' right of occupation of the land—not over well farmed, at any rate, and probably much exhausted—and on which the landlord never spends a shilling on any improvement? Everywhere else such a landlord would be held to be thoroughly wrong. And wrong Lord Portsmouth really is. His principle of management cannot be for the advantage of the country. It cannot tend to place his land advantageously in the hands of good future Irish farmers. Many of us would think we were injuring our characters as men of business if we acted as he does.

It is quite certain that if, as Mr. Gladstone plainly admitted, only a limited proportion of Irish landlords can be justly complained of as bad, a very large proportion of Irish

tenants can be most justly complained of as very bad. Never were words more without justification than Mr. Bright's that the Irish land system has failed by its own defects. It has failed mainly from the faults of the tenants, and from scheming and jobbing to appropriate that which is not theirs. The recent agitation, and the sentimental feebleness of the Irish Government in failing to enforce the Law at the time of difficulty—these are the true causes of most of the troubles which for the past nine months have come so home to many of us, and caused so much wretchedness.

The Duke of Argyll—who, having been himself a member of the Government just before, must have had all the information on behalf of the Bill possessed by the Ministry—states with immense weight:—

1 and 2. That on most estates, especially the larger, the unhealthy competition for land is specially guarded against, and regulations enforced for the benefit of the tenants.

3. That the evils arising from the inveterate bad habits of the tenants can only be checked by the landlords, and by substituting good tenants for bad ones.

4. That the much-abused buyers under the Landed Estates Act are often the most improving landowners, and very few have unduly raised rents.

5. That the Land Act of 1870 has stopped capricious evictions, and secured tenants compensation for improvements.

6. That there has been a total failure to show any number of undue or frequent raisings of rent, such raisings often having been proved to be reasonable and moderate.

7. That in Ulster such raisings of rent have not eaten up the tenant-right, as is alleged.

8. That Free Sale prevents any outlay on improvements by landlords, and can only work with any fairness when both landlord and tenant can agree, and so a just proportion be attained.

9. That almost all evictions since 1870 have been for non-payment of rent, or other justifiable cause.

10. That the increase of debts to money-lenders by the smaller tenants is very great. This is the direct consequence of the Act of 1870 having made yearly tenants more secure in their farms, and it is sure to grow worse if more security is given.

Not one of these assertions of the Duke of Argyll has been contradicted. To those who have lived in Ireland, they are well-known facts.

Let any one fairly consider them, and ask himself how it is possible to rest a Bill for depriving owners of part of their property, and tying up their hands for the protection of tenants, bad as well as good, on so weak a foundation—and this in view of the probability that the bad habits of the tenants will turn the new system to their own worse trouble?

I may add that the so-called land-hunger is greatly exaggerated. Like all else that is made into a political motive, a very undue weight of importance has been laid upon it. It may exist more or less in poor parts, but in other parts there is little or none of it, no willingness whatever to pay too much rent for land. In my time the rent of land has varied four times, as seasons were good or bad. What sense can there be in any one hungering for fifty acres of land, if he has not stock or money to farm it? He must have horses, and cows, and seed, however low the rent may be. Land hunger is chiefly felt by the very poor, who think a cabin and a few acres at any rent, without stock, will make them better off, and so offer foolishly for it.

Bad tenants, who ruin themselves by running out their land, must be removed for the sake of the country, no less than for the sake of the landlords, and most of all for the sake of their own children, that they may not grow up in misery and indolence as their parents have done. To give the land of these poor people to better

tenants is a real gain, more especially if they get it without being half-beggared in paying for the tenant-right. Most of all it is a gain, when a business-like landlord lets the land, with sufficient buildings and no charge but the rent, to the most industrious and steady. Such industrious men can afford to pay a higher rent by several shillings per acre for an addition to their farms, and can pay it with more ease than the lazy tenant ejected paid his smaller rent. The good tenant was able to live out of his original farm, and as he has not to live out of the addition, that alone enables him both to pay a higher rent, and to make more profit for himself. If a landlord has the judgment to select his tenants in this way, why is Parliament to stretch him on a bed of Procrustes, and make his rent such as will suit all the lazy tenants in the neighbourhood? Could any business on earth thrive under such conditions? If the bad tenants are to be kept in their farms instead of good tenants being encouraged, in what way is it possible for the country to improve? We are sure that prices of all farm produce are now much higher than they were thirty years ago. The Act under which Griffith's valuation was made (15 and 16 Vic. c. 63) gives the prices at which the valuation shall be made. Wheat, 7s. per cwt.; oats, 4s. 10d.; barley, 5s. 6d.; flax, 49s.; butter, 15s. 4d.; beef, 35s. 6d.; mutton, 41s.; pork, 32s. Many of these are now nearly double; all are much higher. There is work enough for broken tenants to do in most parts of Ireland. I have never turned out a tenant without offering him work for as long as he liked, if he was willing to do it. Is it really expected that the difference between industry and idleness can be abolished for the good of bad Irish tenants? It is overlooked that it is not the nominal amount of the rent that is a gain or a loss to an owner; it is the money he actually gets out of the land. It is perfectly certain, especially in Ire-

land, where capital is so scarce, that rent is only paid out of the produce. If, for any cause, whether the fault of landlord or of tenant, the land does not produce the rent, no one can get the money. If the landlord insists on too large a proportion of the produce in rent, since the occupier and his family must first be fed and clothed, the undue proportion cannot be paid. It is either lost as arrears, or it is lost by the tenant having to give up his farm in a reduced condition. Thus the landlord loses, as all know well. The only men who have a chance of getting too much rent out of the land, are those who let under the Ulster tenant-right, which secures their arrears, and by taking fines paid out of capital on entry, secure themselves at that end too. It never seems to have suggested itself to any one that by taking fines openly or secretly, or in that good old Irish way, by "a present to the mistress," much of the effect of the Bill will be defeated. Ireland would not be Ireland if a dozen ways to defeat the Bill were not contrived in as many months by tenants who want to hire land without these monstrous payments.

Great injustice has been done us by the false statements about landlords having been believed. Untruths of every kind are circulated against us by the Land League and its helpers. The Roman Catholic priests attacked me last winter, and put their statements in all sorts of papers in England, Ireland, and America; and the same was done by others, who gave evidence to Lord Bessborough's Commission, which laid itself out to gather all sorts of untruths against good landlords. The expectation was that their number would weigh enough to at least lessen the authority of what such as I might say. I have had it said to me here, "Oh, your evidence is the other way. But ten witnesses can be found to say that you are in the wrong, and such a majority must prevail." It has been the same with other men of character elsewhere.

Every sort of untruth has been said of them.

There is further the difficulty of the tremendous affair it will be to regulate all the rents in Ireland, or nearly all; and, as if this were not enough, all the terms of all future leases. No doubt it is hoped that all will not come into dispute; but it is quite certain that all may come; a few decisions favourable to tenants will bring a legion. If only a very moderate proportion come, the work will be gigantic.

A correct valuation of land even on the spot, by one who thoroughly understands the subject, is very difficult. I have long believed that unless the valuer knows the farm well, and has seen the effect of different seasons and modes of farming on it, his valuation is a mere guess. The higgling of the market between men who know it well, can alone fix the true value. As to the artificial imaginary value which the Bill contemplates fixing by a Court, the length of the judge's foot would be quite as just a measure. Such a folly amongst a business people believing in Free Trade exceeds belief. How is it possible for it to work fairly, and still more to be permanent? If such a question is to be decided by evidence, allow as short a time as you please for the hearing of each case. Two hours must be far less than each on an average will last; and then reckon how many years half, or one-fourth, or even one-tenth of the 600,000 holdings will require to decide their value, as disputed legal questions? Consider the ocean of litigation in which landlords and tenants will be launched to promote the improvement of the country. Mr. Bright says landlords and tenants will make agreements without going to the Court. He has forgotten his own Bill, by which no agreement or lease will be binding unless sanctioned by the Court. Secret payments in cash will be the sure result.

It is the great rise of prices, and consequent increase in the true value

of the land, that causes much of the desire for it, and raises the price of tenant right. It has much to do with my being able to make 40s. per acre off 1,000 acres I farm, instead of 17s.—the former tenant's rent. Where tenants for a long time past have not been allowed to sell and buy their farms, why is this great bonus to be given gratis to present tenants, and all future tenants put under a much keener competition than the worst landlords would put on them? Whatever may be the case with landlords who do not understand their business, to give such a bonus as this is plainly robbing us who understand how to make more out of the land than tenants could pay. This is no form of speech, nor ought it to be treated as a question of politics. It touches the very honour of the country, and all that hitherto has been counted right and wrong amongst us.

Is the desire really to drive the improving landlords out of Ireland? Are they too numerous? Will any one say that the inducements to men of intelligence and education to live in Ireland and work on their estates are too many or too great? The Act of 1870 was a heavy discouragement to those who were not as far advanced as I was in improving. But if this Bill is passed as it now stands, it will drive us all away, as is now seen and admitted by everybody. Landlords will wholly cease to spend money on their estates. Knowing much of improvers in the South, I believe all will go, in such time and way as their different positions make most advantageous. I shall certainly do so myself. I went to Ireland thirty-eight years ago to do my duty. If this Bill passes, Parliament will deprive me of the chief part of the fruit of my work, and give it gratis to those who have in no way earned it. Who will again face such a wrong?

Besides, there is the difficulty of purchasers under the Landed Estates Court Act, which is beginning at last to be seen. It is certain that the Act

meant to guarantee that no one whatever had adverse rights that would make the value of the land to buyers less than the Court stated it to be. The Court constantly stated farms would be worth more, when the current lease or interest expired. Every right of the tenants—rights of way and everything else—adverse to the full ownership of the land are plainly stated in the schedule to the conveyance, according to the provisions of the Act, for this very purpose. Notices of all kinds are served on adjoining owners and incumbrancers new and old, on everybody who could possibly have any right, in order that all may claim their rights of whatever kind. If they neglected to claim, the purchaser was wholly discharged from the liability, even if the conveyance included a bit of another estate, as once happened. I once bought some land free from an undoubtedly good charge of 1,500*l.* to the brother of the owner, which, though duly noticed, he was too lazy to claim. I did not take advantage of his folly, but the charge was so wholly gone in law, that I was advised it was needless to have it assigned to me, when I paid him. Yet we now hear that Parliament may justly step in and say that all this time every tenant not holding by lease had a right of partnership and property, for which he must be paid if he is ejected, even though he breaks the contract on his part.

It is clear that the Parliament of England cannot afford to set at naught such a guarantee of its own, deliberately undertaken. I would earnestly urge that to expropriate the owners from their estates must be a very bitter pill. If it is needful to do so, it would be unworthy of England to add the worse trouble of a heavy money loss. These men are most of them not to blame. If Parliament fears to meet the loss, how can it possibly be right to throw the risk on private men, and leave them to bear the loss, if any, great or small?

Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone assert

that there will be no loss to landowners. Do they mean, in the cases of purchases in the Landed Estates Court, free of all tenant right? or of estates that have been carefully guarded from any such charge? On three farms, of 185, 135, and 99 acres, the tenants of which I have served with writs, and of which the tenant right, at 10*l.* per acre, would be worth 1,850*l.*, 1,350*l.*, and 990*l.*, if these sums are paid to the outgoing tenants, and charged on the farms, where can the money come from, if not out of my reversion? One of these farms is splendid land, worth much more than the rent. The tenant only hired it as an addition to his other farm, less than thirty years ago, from a sorely-distressed former owner. He farms it very ill, and it probably pays him accordingly. Whether I take it myself or let it to another, how is it possible that I shall not be a loser, if this great sum is charged on it? The worth of the assertion that the owner will not lose, is shown at once when a case like this is taken. They were only thinking of small lots, and forgot that there are good farms. When such cases are stated, the baselessness of their statements is apparent.

By resolute good management there is no reason why there should be loss to the Government. But if there are not thoroughly good arrangements and sound business dealing, there is no part of the Bill that will not be a loss and a disgrace. Nor need just and full compensation to landlords be burdensome to the tenants who get the land. All agree that the capital to buy out the owners must be advanced by the State in the first instance, and repaid by an annuity out of the land. An honest price for the land only means, that the tenants should pay the annuity for a larger number of years, which, if it does not much exceed the present rent, can be no hardship. With Consols above 100, large advantage may be got in the rate of interest. This annuity should go on for enough years to

make the price a just one. It will be an advantage, if the system of management is good, that the tenant should be strictly bound by it, possibly for two generations, until better habits have been formed. If he is really industrious he can pay off his debt in much less time, holding as he will all the while at a fixed rent in perpetuity—the condition, it is said, most favourable to his prosperity. There is thus every reason for treating the owners of land honestly, instead of making them scapegoats for the weakness of the Government. If the State thinks fit to make a great social change and alter all that it has sanctioned before, surely the least it can do is to take the burden of such change on its own shoulders, instead of laying it on those of a few of its subjects.

There are many minor objections still unnoticed. Other and weightier ones—such as the proposal to deduct from the fair rent the value of the rights given by the Bill to tenants, which must be an injustice—have been urged in Parliament and by the newspapers. These may be looked on as certain to be removed; I will not therefore go into them.

The usual argument I find amongst the supporters of the Bill is, that something must be done! And then they try to throw the onus on their opponents by asking, What do you propose should be done? It would in strictness be enough to answer that a very small amount of vigour would have avoided the whole trouble. Even now all the coercion that is wanted in Ireland is that the law should be enforced. That which a Judge and Common Jury do for society in England in punishing offences should somehow be brought about in Ireland. By the scheming of the people, juries, instead of their proper office, are made the means of ensuring that offenders shall not be punished. Can society go on if this is not remedied? Consider what the following fact means. A few days ago, four policemen were attacked by a mob in protecting a

process-server. One, the sergeant, was knocked down and killed, and a second badly hurt. The other two, to save their lives, fired on the mob, and killed two or three. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against these two policemen and the murdered sergeant!

The very same trouble arose in Canada from the same cause—Irishmen on the juries. They therefore authorised all such cases to be tried before three Judges without any jury, and this was quite successful. If we often change a venue because a fair jury cannot be had, why should we not go further to insure justice?

In Ireland intimidation of jurors and witnesses is frequent. All the coercion needed is some means by which the law shall be put in force at such times. It is the opinion of most men of sense and firmness that no more is wanted than that the present law should be vigorously enforced and strengthened when needful, so that it may be always effective. It is a pity that Mr. Forster was not "Boycotted" as I was; he would then know what it is to have the law in abeyance. In my district I can say that the universal opinion of the tenant class was that it would be no longer possible to enforce rent by law, and though they knew the rottenness of the agitation, yet the helplessness of the Government convinced them that England meant to yield to them. This was the very backbone of the mischief.

There is no doubt much poverty in some of the mountainous parts of Connaught that must be met. I believe that is the only serious difficulty. Some speak as if the peace of the country depended on great changes being made. I believe this only represents the fears of men who, living in the disturbed districts, see all Ireland from their own point of view. That there may be more outrages in parts is quite possible. If the law is strictly enforced such outrages will soon cease, as worse troubles have often ceased before. What is there to fear?

The population of all Ireland is now probably not much over five millions. It is certainly less than five and a half millions, and lessening yearly. In O'Connell's Repeal agitation before the famine, it was believed to be near nine millions. Of the present population a million and a half are Protestant, and as a rule all loyal; of the remainder very many are loyal too, though some may sometimes talk foolishly. Loyal men have not lost their courage, and, having faced far worse odds, have surely no fear of such a set as the Land League.

There is another fact of great weight. The committals for indictable offences after Smith O'Brien's trouble, in 1849, were about 41,000. Last year they were not much above 4,000, i.e. one-tenth. Surely this speaks volumes. No doubt in 1849 the number was above the average, but still the difference is full of meaning.

But it is said that the Government is willing to adopt any reasonable amendments. Can such amendments be suggested? There is no doubt that liberty to sell his farm has been given to the tenant on many estates in all parts. This right implies some limitation to the rise of rent and to ejectment without sale. To secure a right thus given, is very different in principle from granting it as a bonus on estates where such privilege was never allowed, or wholly resisted. If this line were taken in the new Bill much of its present injustice would be avoided, and perhaps the result might not differ much from what it would be under the Bill. I think it will be found that this line nearly or quite coincides with that, between those owners who have laid out capital on their land, and those who have not—a distinction plainly honest.

Further, the proposal of the Bill to give the right of sale to large tenants of 200*l.* per annum rent = 150*l.* valuation, is wholly unreasonable. Not one of the reasons alleged in favour of small occupiers applies to them. 50*l.* per annum valuation, as in the Act of

1870, is itself too high, and can only be justified as a round number.

Moreover it cannot be right to close the door for future time, and try to fasten the right of sale on the country universally and for ever. The scheme is of too uncertain practical effect, and of too doubtful soundness for such a step. It must be much wiser to leave it so, that as the country improves, it may grow into whatever system is best for prosperity. The same limitation to 50*l.* as in the Act of 1870, will tend to this. It is likely, that as prosperity increases, farms will increase in size, and thus business may get into the same natural state as elsewhere. Nor is there the least reason for the whole country being put under one uniform system. It is quite as likely to prosper if part is under one tenure and part under another. The countries in Europe where anything like tenant-right prevails are Portugal and a part of Holland. It once existed in others, but has died out as time advanced. It is now failing in Holland and not increasing in Portugal. In Portugal it is called *Aforamento*. The tenure in fact is a lease for ever with fixed rent. The farm cannot be divided. The tenant pays a fine to get such a fixed rent. It prevails chiefly in mountain parts where farms are small and the people are backward. Some say the system works well in such districts. Others think it very hurtful, in comparison with tenure in fee. It seems to be now chiefly voluntary. It clearly treats owners much more equitably than this Land Bill. Such too is the case in Holland. Only part of the country is held under it.¹ There are no less than four other modes of tenure in other parts of Portugal.

The success or failure of peasant proprietors can only be proved by experience. It may be worth trying on a moderate scale, if only to satisfy the land-hunger of those who are most hungry — and it may increase the

number of landowners. If money is to be advanced, the same advantages should be given to buyers in England and Scotland. In Ireland they have not the habits needful for peasant proprietors. They have to a much greater extent such habits in England.

That which will do most for all classes in Ireland, especially in helping the labourers, is the draining of wet lands. I do not mean buying up waste lands, reclaiming them, and letting them as farms of twenty-five acres; my experience of this is that it is sure to fail. There are very few farmers able to till twenty-five acres of reclaimed land so as to make a living out of it, even rent free; and having to erect houses and buildings on such farms is a fatal extra expense. The thing wanted is to compel the drainage of the immense extent of wet land, mostly cut-out bog, on every estate, and of almost every farm, lying in patches of five to 500 acres in all directions, and worth one to five shillings per acre in rough pasture. I would compel both landlords and tenants on equitable terms to drain all such land. The Board of Guardians, or a Relief Sessions, might present that work is wanted in certain parishes, and that on the estate or farm of A or B there is land that wants drainage. A Government engineer should then report on it, and if his report be favourable, a loan should be offered to those concerned for doing the work themselves, under inspection, as some of us have done for forty years past with profit. If they do not drain it in a reasonable time, the Government engineer should drain it, and charge the cost on the estate as if for a loan. The loans for draining at one per cent two years ago by Lord Beaconsfield's Government were thoroughly successful. In my Union many such loans were taken by farmers — many in small sums of 100*l.* or 200*l.* The gain to them must have been far greater than will ever be got from any Land Court. Millions have been lent on loans for draining of

¹ *Cobden Club Essays*, last edition, p. 487 — Crawford's "Portugal, Old and New," 1880.

this sort, and not one shilling has been lost. It is said that the Irish Board of Works always blunders such jobs. This is because it has no proper staff for the purpose. Scotch land stewards or grieves are the men wanted, paid about 2*l.* per week — not engineers, except for the first survey. The same machinery would apply to all the minor arterial drainages and deepening of rivers. Without compulsion no sufficient amount of draining will be done to produce effect. Of course the compulsion is the weak point of the plan. Yet it interferes far less with the rights of property, than do many parts of the Bill. At this moment the Board of Works has 75,000*l.* to be lent for draining, and is in despair because no one will borrow it, the distrust that order will be preserved and law be enforced, has become so thorough and universal!

We often hear blind talk both in and out of Parliament about doing something for Irish labourers, who are as numerous as the small tenants, and more deserving ; yet, beyond talk, no one has any practical suggestions how to help them. Some say build them better houses. What would be the state of repair of such men's houses in ten years, unless somebody else was compelled to keep them in repair gratis ? Draining I believe to be the only way of helping them. It will occupy two generations or more in every district ; and if for any cause it is not working well, it can be stopped with no loss in a week.

The whole improvement that has gone on in Ireland since the Famine has, in my opinion, had only one cause ; there has been more employment and higher wages. Thus production has increased, which M. de Molinari most truly says is the *sine qua non* of more prosperity in Ireland. Draining often gives the small farmer very valuable land, because its soul has not been dragged out of it by bad farming without manure.

Common farmers, with farms as

large as 200 acres, give no employment worth considering. The size of farms in my part is far above the average ; my own farms are still larger. A servant boy fed in the house, or an inferior labourer at very low wages, 5*s.* or 6*s.* per week, is the utmost. Rent for the cabin and potato garden is always stopped out of this. All know grass pays best, and so the farmer only cultivates so much as his own family (his own help, as they call it) can till. The servant boy or inferior labourer minds and drives cattle, cuts furze, and sticks, earths, and digs out potatoes, which the weakest can do. How the poor labourers live is a mystery. The very light work and idleness are the inducements to engage with farmers.

The other means of doing good to all is emigration. Connaught, with an excessive population on poor land, must profit greatly by it. The returns show, that after 1846 there was no such diminution of population there as in Munster. I saw the effect myself in the south of Munster. We were as much eaten up by a poor population then, as Connaught is now, and they still more eat up each other. All intelligent men saw long before that emigration was our only hope. Then as now the Roman Catholic priests opposed it. Suddenly the poor people took it up, and in two or three years, with no pressure from any one, they emigrated. Potatoes would not grow, and they had no wages to live on. There were the same groans about the good going and the bad staying, but the population in my part was lessened by more than half. We have since been one of the most flourishing districts in the county, because not over-peopled. I am convinced, if the matter were properly looked into, it would be found that the most prosperous parts of Ireland now, are those where the population lessened most after the Famine.

Wages of course rose, and instead of 3*s.* or 4*s.* per week 8*s.* to 12*s.* are now paid. If they had not money enough

to pay the passage of the whole family, the father and some left, and the rest went to the workhouse till the money came back for them. One saw plainly, that any doings of the Government, however well meant, might easily hinder this voluntary emigration.

In 1880, 96,000 persons emigrated from Ireland. Except during two years after 1846 this is the largest number that ever left; no doubt some of them had been in America before, and had come back from the bad times there. The emigration is going on largely too in 1881. At Queenstown lately emigrants were camping out in the streets. The lodging-houses could not hold them.

The Land League dislikes emigration because emigration lessens poverty, which is its mainstay. The Roman Catholic priests dislike it because it lessens their power and their income. Some good men and women no doubt emigrate and are a loss, but a great many bad and indifferent ones also go. Everybody who misbehaves him or herself in any way, whether socially or criminally, is sure to go. Their misconduct puts them at a disadvantage for getting work at home, so they go where work is more plentiful and they are unknown. This will happen with the Land Leaguers as soon as the money they have gathered has been spent. They will find it harder than before to support themselves, and this in a short time will force them to emigrate. I saw this occur after the Smith O'Brien and the Fenian troubles, to the great comfort of quiet people.

The result is thoroughly healthy. Whoever goes is sure to leave a smaller or larger gap for the employment of some one else at home, and so wages rise and all gain more or less. Little money need be spent by Government in emigration. But the arrangements ought to be improved. Emigrants are often sadly plundered by sharks at the ports, who rob and overcharge them in all ways. There ought to be proper provision for honest and cheap lodging, and for feeding them when

waiting for the ship. There are excellent arrangements of this kind for them on their arrival in the States. It is a discredit to us to neglect such ways of helping our own people.

Then all openings in the colonies, like those at Manitoba, should be fully made known in Ireland, and easy arrangements made to enable the most advantage to be taken of them.

Boards of Guardians have now power to help emigration in some cases. This power wants to be systematised and enlarged. Paupers in Irish workhouses cost 6*l.* to 7*l.* per annum, and as the passage to America costs but 4*l.* to 5*l.* it is well worth while for guardians to help the emigration of fit, able-bodied poor, especially the young. In country unions boys and girls are quickly taken out of workhouses for service in farmhouses. But the workhouses in great towns, especially Cork and Dublin, are the most discreditable nests of pauperism that have ever existed in the kingdom since the days of the old Poor Law in England. In Cork the workhouse contains nearly 3,000 paupers, besides numbers on out-door relief. They are born there, they live there, they marry, and they die there. And this with the full knowledge of the Local Government Board, who make no real effort to grapple with this huge evil! It is a great wen of pauperism, terribly discreditable to the Board, and a scandal and shame to the country.

I end by saying that the Irish question is really social and moral, and the poverty of the country only its sure and natural result. So vast a change to remedy so small an evil, I believe, was never attempted before in Europe or the world. It upsets all the principles upon which property has hitherto been held in the kingdom, and must hereafter lead to still larger and more hurtful changes amongst us in England and Scotland, no less than Ireland. And it can never promote the prosperity or contentment of Ireland. The Act of 1870, in making tenant-right customs

legal wherever they existed, gave Ulster everything that was asked for; and yet ten years after, the unsound principle having begun to bear its necessary fruit, the cry of the horse-leech, Give! Give! is again louder than ever, as always will be the case when the Government takes away from some to give gratis to others. Could a clearer proof be given of the nature of the present agitation? The principle of the Bill is thoroughly unsound, and therefore must hinder the prosperity of the country. It exaggerates a local custom, of which the circumstances of the district conceal the badness, and uses it to give a great bonus to tenants elsewhere, who have no just claim to it, and thereby will often grievously injure the landowners.

If it is resolved to force such a Bill on the country, the best hope is to make it as little hurtful as possible. (1) By limiting its operation to small tenants, say of 30*l.* rent and under, who are a great majority. Tenants over 30*l.* are as well able to protect themselves as the like class in England and Scotland. (2) All estates where sale of occupancy has been definitely excluded, and large sums spent on improvements by owners should be omitted, and the injustice of the Bill be thereby lessened. (3) Definite written contracts (leases), past or future, should be treated as by the Act of 1870. To meddle with them is of the very worst example. (4) Litigation on the proposed scale must be a sad mischief. It might be limited, as it was under the Tithe Acts, to cases where the value had altered by 10 (or even 5) per cent. (5) The lines of the Act of 1870 should be kept to in the amount of compensation, and in ejectments for non-payment of rent, so as not to

add to the difficulty with bad tenants. Such changes are very demoralising. By keeping to one course the business of land-hiring would hereafter fall into its natural lines, clear of any unsound principles. (6) The exclusion of estates bought under the Landed Estates Courts is indispensable in common honesty. (7) It is right, too, that just compensation should be given to those landowners who suffer loss under the Bill. This should be decided by independent judges, like those who are to decide on the compensation to tenants. The good name of England should not be tarnished by the use of two weights and two measures applied to different classes of one people. An honest price can be paid for all that is taken, by a longer annuity from the land, without pressure on any.

The statements lately adduced in the House of Commons about the improvements made by tenants being very large in value were grievous exaggerations, and untrue except in single cases.

Let it be considered what must be the moral effect to a country in the condition of Ireland of its being established that by means of a lawless agitation a large money gain can be secured to a poorer class at the cost of richer men. The mischief that must follow in all business dealings cannot but be grievous and hurtful to all industry.

Modern enlightenment is doubtless a very fine thing. But it is quite certain that the old principles of the Ten Commandments, many of which are wholly set at naught in Ireland, will yield a hundred times more prosperity and happiness to the people.

W. BENCE JONES.

May 14, 1881.

THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DEATH is the gate of criticism: the grave is, by a strange law of natural compensation, essentially memorial. Once let it close over an eminent person, and the justice of perspective is restored: we remember much that we have forgotten; we forget much that we have remembered. More especially is this the case on the decease of an author whose life implies eloquence before a prejudiced or pre-occupied audience. His words seem to return in a sequence, connecting and characterising his work, and the man revives in the manner. Above all, however, do these remarks concern Lord Beaconsfield. His individuality was so emphatic that impartial criticism has been hitherto impossible. On the one hand, there have been those who could not believe that a brilliant statesman might also be a great author, just as many argue from a woman's beauty against her ability; on the other, those who believed that rare literary promise had been blighted by rarer political success.

To estimate Lord Beaconsfield's position in the empire of letters is a task far beyond our present space. We might have chosen the marvellous consistency of his sentiments, or the remarkable method of their development in his romances, or the invention by him (for such it is) of the political novel as our theme. But all these are not his most peculiar features, nor will they perpetuate him most. His wit and his humour are his style, and he himself has declared that it is on style that fiction most depends.

We ought first, however, to distinguish aright between wit and humour, for these terms indicate qualities and results by no means identical, and seldom co-existent. We remember to

have heard an acute thinker sum up the difference between them by terming wit a point, and humour a straight line; but this epigram is inadequate. Wit is no *résumé* of humour; the two qualities differ in kind. Wit is a department of style; it is the faculty of combining dissimilars, abstract and concrete alike, by the language of illustration, suggestion, and surprise. Like misery, it "yokes strange bed-fellows," but with the link of words alone. It is best when intellectually true, but its requisite is *fancy*.

Humour, on the other hand, is an exercise, by whatever means, of perception; it is the faculty of discerning the incongruities of the concrete alone, particularly of human nature; it "looks on this picture and on that;" it is most excellent when ethically sound, but its essence is *analysis*!

Wit works by comparison, humour by contrast. The sphere of wit is narrower than that of humour; the subject-matter of humour more limited than that of wit. We laugh at humour, at wit we smile. Talent is capable of the former; the perfection of the latter is reserved for *genius*. Wit is, as it were, Yorick, with cap and bells; but humour unmasks him with a moral. To define wit and humour one ought to be both humorous and witty, but we may epitomise by saying that wit is mirth turned philosopher — humour, philosophy at play.

If this account be correct, it is clear that humour is at once the more real and the more dramatic agency of the two. Yet wit has been infinitely the least frequent, particularly among the Western races. They, like their Gothic architecture, delight in rough, grotesque, exuberant animalities; but,

if we except the Celtic race, it is to the East that we must turn for proverb and simile. The "Haggadah" contains more absolute wit than even Aristophanes, the prince of humourists, sprung too as he was from an Asian civilisation. The wisdom of the Koran is wittily formulated. Holy Writ itself contains many examples of wit, though none of humour; while the Moorish and Jewish schools of mediæval Spain furnish wit as subtle and supple as the flashing and fantastic arabesques of their Alhambra. If, we repeat, the Celts, who are both humorous and witty, be excepted, wit is of the Eastern, humour of the Western temperament, while the conjunction of both, the existence of what might be called *Westorientalism*, is extremely uncommon.

Almost the sole examples of wit pure and simple in post-Shakespearian times have been Voltaire, Molière, Rochefoucauld, Sheridan, and Heine: four were Celts, and the last a Hebrew, and in their company is to be enrolled Lord Beaconsfield. But Molière, Sheridan, and Heine were also humourists, and humourists again typically different. The humour of Molière and of Sheridan is, like that of Dickens or of Hogarth, direct and mainly didactic, pointing to the follies and foibles of mankind, the first chiefly by situation, the latter chiefly by speech; the humour of Heine, like that of Sterne, and often of Thackeray, indirect and inclined to the sentimental, insinuating with all the machinery of playful surprise the inconsistencies that enlist feeling or awaken thought. The former is the broadsword of *Cœur de Lion*, the latter the scimitar of Saladin. It is of this latter species that Lord Beaconsfield's finest humour must be reckoned.

Let us begin with an instance from *Tancred*. He is describing the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles:—

"Picture to yourself the child of Israel in the dingy suburb or the stolid quarter of some bleak northern town, where there is never a sun that can at any rate ripen grapes; yet he

must celebrate the vintage of purple Palestine. . . . He rises in the morning; goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow-boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighbouring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenements, builds his bower, decks it even profusely with the finest flowers and fruit he can procure, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his Synagogue he susps late with his wife and children in the open air as if he were in the pleasant villages of Galilee beneath its sweet and starry sky. . . . Perhaps, as he is offering up the peculiar thanksgiving of the feast of Tabernacles, praising Jehovah for the vintage which his children may no longer cull, but also for his promise that they may some day again enjoy it, and his wife and his children are joining in a pious 'Hosanna,' that is 'Save us,' a party of Anglo-Saxons, very respectable men, ten-pounders, a little elevated it may be, though certainly not in honour of the vintage, pass the house, and words like these are heard—'I say, Buggins, what's that row?' 'Oh! it's those cursed Jews! we've a lot of them. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not so bad as they used to be. They used always to crucify little boys at their hullabaloos, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork.' 'To be sure,' replies his companion, 'we all make progress.'"

We are at once reminded by this blended pathos and humour of the sudden transition at the close of Heine's "Moses Lump." Yet another example from the same Palestinian portion of the same book:—

"Mr. Bernard is always with the English Bishop, who is delighted to have an addition to his congregation, which is not too much, consisting of his own family, the English and Prussian Consuls, and five Jews whom they have converted at twenty piastres a week, but I know they are going to strike for wages. . . ."

And once more Barizy of the Tower, a Jew, one of the life-like group of Jerusalem gossips, is made to say to Consul Pasqualizo—

"I don't think I can deal in crucifixes. 'I tell you what, if you won't your cousin Barizy of the Gate will. I know he has given a great order to Bethlehem.' 'The traitor,' exclaimed Barizy of the Tower. 'Well, if people will purchase crucifixes, and nothing else, they must be supplied. Commerce civilises man.'"

And indeed we shall find this same special vein of humour in his first novel alike and his last. Take this from *Vivian Grey*. The speaker is M. Sievers, the German statesman :—

" We have plenty of metaphysicians if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman who is stuffing Kalte Schale so voraciously in the corner. The leaven of the idealists, a pupil of the celebrated Fichte . . . the first principle of this school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. Existence is in his opinion a word too absolute. Being, principle, and essence, are terms scarcely sufficiently ethereal even to indicate the subtle shadowings of his opinions. Matter is his great enemy. My dear sir, observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself on these capricious and fantastic children. . . . *Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring Kalte Schale.*"

And this from *Endymion* :—

" The Chairman opened the proceedings, but was coldly received, though he spoke sensibly and at some length. He then introduced a gentleman who was absolutely an Alderman to move a resolution condemnatory of the Corn Laws. The august position of the speaker abated for his halting rhetoric—and a city which had only just for the first time been invested with municipal privileges was hushed before a man who might in time even become a mayor."

Of a like character is the remark of Lothair after the opera servant's "Thank you, my lord," had attested the "overpowering honorarium" :—

" He knows me, thought Lothair ; but it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic they always call you, my lord."

Or, again, Lord Monmouth's indignant advice to Comingsby :—

" You go with your family, sir, like a gentleman. You are not to consider your opinions like a philosopher or a political adventurer."

Or Waldershare's account of England's ascendancy :—

" I must say it was a grand idea of our kings making themselves sovereigns of the sea. *The greater portion of this planet is water, so we at once become a first-rate power.*"

Or the Homeric simplicity of the Ansary tribe, who believe London to be surrounded by sea, and ask if the English live in ships, and are thus

corrected by the would-be interpreter, Keferinis :—

" The English live in ships only during six months of the year, principally when they go to India, the rest entirely at their country houses."

Similar too is the oblique sarcasm of Fakredeen :—

" We ought never to be surprised at anything that is done by the English, who are after all in a certain sense savages. . . . Everything they require is imported from other countries. . . . I have been assured at Beirut that they do not grow even their own cotton—but that I can hardly believe. Even their religion is an exotic, and as they are indebted for that to Syria, it is not surprising they should import their education from Greece."

And this light thrust at London architecture :—

" Shall we find a refuge in a committee of taste, escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many? . . . But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its best until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. . . . Even our boasted navy never achieved a victory until we shot an admiral. *Suppose an architect were hanged!*"¹

Or finally, not to embarrass with riches, in the philosophy of Hot Plates, where the reason of cold dinners in Paris is ascribed to the inferiority of French pottery, and the author concludes quite in the manner of Sterne :—

" Now if we only had that treaty of commerce with France which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivalled potteries in exchange for their capital wines would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved ; the English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French for the first time in their lives would dine off hot plates, *an unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity.*"

But it is not this note alone, though to our minds this note is best, that Lord Beaconsfield strikes in the scale of humour. He has rung almost all the changes it contains, from the broadest comedy to the finest irony. He has revelled in burlesque, and has yet developed characters whose humour is at once lifelike and astonishing.

¹ *Tancred.*

Thackeray himself, in his Mirobo-lant love-making by the dishes he has cooked, has not surpassed the mock gravity of the *chef's* conference with which *Tancred* opens. The scene is laid in

"that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly, and on the other by Curzon Street . . . It is in this district that the cooks have ever sought an elegant abode. *An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passion and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness or dulness, distinguishes this quarter during the day.*"

It is in such august surroundings that "Papa Prevost," the veteran *chef*, advises young Leander, his favourite pupil ("the *chef* of the age"), on his choice of an aide-de-camp in the approaching campaign of *Tancred's* coming-of-age banquet:—

"'What you have learned from me came at least from a good school. It is something to have served under Napoleon,' added Prevost, with the grand air of the imperial kitchen. 'Had it not been for Waterloo I should have had the cross, but the Bourbons and the cooks of the Empire never could understand each other. They brought over an emigrant *chef* who did not comprehend the taste of the age. He wished to bring everything back to the time of the *ail de bœuf*; when Monsieur passed my soup of Austerlitz untasted, I knew the old family was doomed; but we gossip. . . . There is Andrieu . . . you had some hopes of him. He is too young. I took him to Hellingsley, and he lost his head on the third day. I intrusted the *soufflées* to him, and but for the most desperate personal exertions all would have been lost. *It was an affair of the Bridge of Arcola.*'"

"'Ah, mon Dieu, there are moments!' exclaimed Prevost."

Equally too of the Thackerayan flavour is the account of Freeman and Trueman, the flunkies attendant on *Tancred* in Palestine, who call an Emir *The Hamer*. The former comments on a Syrian castle:—

"'There must have been a fine coming of age here,' rejoined Trueman.

"'As for that,' replied Freeman, 'comings of age depend in a manner upon meat and drink. They ain't in no way to be carried out with coffee and pipes; without oxen roasted whole and broached hogsheads they ain't in a manner legal.'"

And again while near the Lebanon,

"'I know what you are thinking of, John,' replied Mr. F. in a serious tone. 'You are thinking if anything were to happen to either of us in this heathen land we should get Christian burial.'

"'Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't. I was thinking of a glass of ale.'

"'Ah!' sighed Freeman, 'it softens the heart to think of such things away from home as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer, there are indeed. I *catched myself a-singing "Sweet Home" one night among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation sometimes, one does, indeed, and for my part I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed."*'"

The Thackerayan irony is once more apparent in the picture of the sponging house where Ferdinand Armine finds himself immured:—

"There were also indications of literary amusement in the room in the shape of a *Hebrew Bible* and the *Racing Calendar*;"

and in the money-lender's advice for diminishing the loan required:—

"'Fifteen hundred pound,' ejaculated Mr. Levison. 'Well, I suppose we must make it 700L somehow or other, and *you must take the rest in coals*,'"

in Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "sure of an ally directly the gentlemen appeared,"² (a *Becky Sharp* in miniature) as she cries in triumph after the aristocratic ball for which she has strenuously pined, "We have done fit at last, my love."³ And in the radical manufacturer's confession of political faith, "I don't like extremes. A wise minister should take the duty off cotton wool."⁴

But the broader humour, that of Fielding and Dickens, is also forcibly represented in Lord Beaconsfield's pages. Perhaps few of our readers remember the Squire in *Venetia*—surely a country cousin of the little Judge in *Pickwick*—when Morgana, the suspected gipsy, is brought up for trial before him.

"Trust me to deal with these fellows. . . . The hint of petty treason staggered him. . . . The court must be cleared. Constable,

¹ *Henrietta Temple*.

² *Tancred*.

³ *Coninjaby*.

⁴ *Endymion*.

clear the court. *Let a stout man stand on each side of the prisoner to protect the bench. The magistracy of England will never shrink from doing their duty, but they must be protected.*"

Or again the music hall in *Sybil* with its entertainments redolent of Vincent Crummles and Miss Snellicci :—

"Some nights there was music on the stage. A young lady in a white robe with a golden harp, and attended by a gentleman in black mustachios. This was when the principal harpist of the king of Saxon and his first fiddle happened to be passing through Mowbray merely by accident on a tour of pleasure and instruction to witness the famous scenes of British industry. Otherwise the audience of the 'Cat and Fiddle'—we beg pardon, we mean the 'Temple of the Muses'—were fain to be content with four Bohemian Brothers, or an equal number of Swiss Sisters."

Or Mr. Fitzloom, the Manchester man in *Vivian Grey*, who might have walked straight out of *Little Dorrit*, if he had not lived so long before that wonderful work was written :—

"'That is Miss Fitzloom?' asked Lady Madeline.

"'Not exactly, my lady,' said Mr. Fitzloom, 'not exactly Miss Fitzloom, Miss Aurelia Fitzloom, my third daughter. *"Our third eldest," as Mrs. Fitzloom sometimes says, for really it is necessary to distinguish with such a family as ours, you know."*'"

Or Lady Spirituelle, described like Mrs. Wititterly herself as "*all soul*,"¹ or

"Mr. Smith, the fashionable novelist, that is to say a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one half of which contains the adventures of a young gentleman in the country, and the other volume and a half the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis."²

In the same strain too is Lord Cadurcis' prejudice against Pontius Pilate—

"From seeing him when I was a child on an old Dutch tile fireplace at Marringhurst, dressed like a Burgomaster."³

And the school in *Vivian Grey* kept

"By sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen; terms moderate, 100 guineas

per annum for all under six years of age, and a few extras only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar."

And (to terminate this section of our illustrations) the celebrated Dartford election from *Coningsby*, the rival of that at Eatanswill in *Pickwick*. Its nomination day, "lounging without an object, and luncheon without an appetite," Magog Wrath and Bully Bluck with their rival war-cries, and above all Rigby's speech :—

"He brought in his crack theme, the guillotine, and dilated so elaborately upon its qualities, that one of the gentlemen below could not refrain from exclaiming, 'I wish you may get it.' This exclamation gave Mr. Rigby what is called a 'great opening,' which, like a practised speaker, he immediately seized. He denounced the sentiment as un-English, and got very much cheered. Excited by this success, Rigby began to call everything else with which he did not agree un-English, until menacing murmurs began to arise, when he shifted the subject and rose into a grand peroration, in which he assured them that the eyes of the whole empire were on this particular election (cries of 'That's true' on all sides), and that England expected every man to do his duty. 'And who do you expect to do yours,' inquired a gentleman below, 'about that 'ere pension ?'"

We must still, before we can consider our author's wit, treat, and of necessity briefly, his burlesque humour and his humorous development of character. The former is rifest, as is natural, in his earliest works, and overflowing with high spirits, though never of an impersonal nature. Their constant reference to politics and society allies them more nearly to *Gulliver's Travels* than to the *Rose and the Ring*, though the whimsical Beckendorff and the episode in *Vivian Grey* of the Rhine wine dukes is an exception to this rule. Let us commence with the earliest :—

"'I protest,' said the King of Thessaly, 'against this violation of the most sacred rights.'

"'The marriage tie?' said Mercury.

"'The dinner hour?' said Jove.

"'It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion,'

said Venus, 'mortals are callous.'

"'Adventures are to the adventurous,' said Minerva."⁴

¹ *Popanilla.*

² *Vivian Grey.*

³ *Venetia.*

⁴ *Ixion in Heaven.*

And the rubber between Teiresias and Proserpine in the *Infernal Marriage* :—

“ ‘The trick and two by honours,’ said Proserpine.

“ ‘Pray, my dear Teiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?’

“ ‘Because I wanted the lead, and those who want to lead, please your majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends.’ ”

And the whole of *Popanilla*, particularly the parable of the pineapples and the trial of the hero, who, arraigned on a charge of treason, discovers the indictment is for stealing camelopards, and is informed by the judge that originally Vraibleusia abounded with these splendid animals, to punish the destroyers of which his court was instituted :—

“ ‘Therefore,’ his lordship added, ‘in order to try you in this court for the modern offence of high treason, you must first be introduced by fiction of law as a stealer of camelopards, and then, being in *præsenti regio*, in a manner, we proceed to business by a special power for the absolute offence.’ The Judge summed up in the most impartial manner. He told the jury that although the case was quite clear against the prisoner, they were bound to give him the advantage of every reasonable doubt.’ ”

It is this excessive buoyancy that, flouting graver themes, has often, and sometimes not unjustly, been stigmatised as flippant, but which, in a famous passage¹ from one of the diatribes against Peel, was to be wielded as a formidable political weapon.

In the delineation of humorous character, despite the fact that political or social aims contract their horizon, we claim for Lord Beaconsfield at least moments of mastery. He has created types instead of, like the conventional satirists, appropriating them. To borrow his own language, “His pleasure has been,” to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.² Because Sidonia is a paradox incarnate, we are not to forget that Lord Monmouth is a masterpiece, any more than the caricatures of Acres or Mrs. Malaprop should prevent our

¹ That about *Popkin's Plan*.

² *Coningsby*.

appreciation of the two Surfaces. In the masculine gallery, Lord Monmouth, Taper and Tadpole (creations in Sheridan's best manner, but too familiar to recapitulate here), Essper George³ (the modern Sancho Panza to a master the exact reverse of Don Quixote), St. Aldegonde, Rigby, Fakredeen (the Louis Napoleon of Syrian intrigue), Lord Montfort, the cynic who “knew he was dying when he found himself disobeyed,” are remarkable, as are Bertie Tremaine, who “always walked home with the member who had made the speech of the evening,” and who welcomed at his table “every one except absolute assassins,” and Mr. Putney Giles, who, “intelligent, acquainted with everything except theology and metaphysics, liked to oblige, a little to patronise, never made difficulties, and always overcame them,” and Mr. Phobus, the muscular æsthete : while Lady Bellair (Lady Blessington⁴), who “hates people who are only rich,” and in her old age “always has a gay season,” Lady Montfort, the Schéhérazadé of Society, Zenobia, and Mrs. Guy Flouncey are attractively so in the feminine ; though in his treatment of woman's character, Lord Beaconsfield chivalrously prefers the heroic to the humorous.

We have space to examine two only, and shall select them from what their author has styled the “dark sex.”

Lord Monmouth is the Marquis of Steyne anatomised. He is the *mauvais idéal* of the old Tory peers who were the pillars of the “organised hypocrisy.” “Never wanting in energy when his own interests were concerned,” “disliking to hear of people who were dead,” “looking on human nature with the callous eye of a jockey,” “when he pleased rather fascinating to young men,” his superb selfishness and sordid sagacity are

³ *Vivian Grey*. The description of the Toadies in the same work, and the nomenclature in his earlier compositions, show how strongly Sheridan influenced the young D'Israeli.

⁴ *Henrietta Temple*.

built up, block by block, like some Pharaoh of Egyptian antiquity :—

“Lord Monmouth worshipped gold, though if necessary he could squander it like a calif. He had even a respect for very rich men. It was his only weakness ; the only exception to his general scorn for his species—wit, power, particular friendship, general popularity, public opinion, beauty, genius, virtue, all these are to be purchased ; but it does not follow that you can buy a rich man. You may not be willing or able to spare enough. *A person or a thing that you could not buy became invested in the eyes of Lord Monmouth with a kind of halo, amounting almost to sanctity.*”

His heartlessly diplomatic removal of Lady Monmouth through Rigby, his one sally of indignation provoked by his nephew's enthusiasm, “By—some woman has got hold of him and made him a Whig,” and his verdict on the Reform Bill, “D—the Reform Bill. If the Duke had not quarrelled with Lord Grey, on a Coal Committee, we should never have had the Reform Bill,” complete a portrait worthy of Juvenal. It is a grim figure, but we must not deny it almost its sole virtue, and that posthumous—the bequest to his creature Rigby :—

“Lord Monmouth left to the Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby the bust of that gentleman which he had himself presented to his lordship, and which at his desire had been placed in the vestibule at Coningsby Castle, from the amiable motive that after Lord Monmouth's decease, Mr. Rigby might wish perhaps to present it to some other friend.”

It is a relief to turn to Lord St. Aldegonde, the embodiment of the radical nobleman. Two quotations shall suffice for the outlines of this delightful “free churchman,” fresh in the recollection of all readers of *Lothair* :—

“ A republican of the reddest dye, he was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men except Dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic with energy, amazed at any one differing from him. ‘As if a fellow could have too much land,’ he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction.

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“The meal was over. The bishop was standing near the mantelpiece talking to the ladies who were clustered round him. The archdeacon, and the chaplain, and some other clergy, a little in the background. Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, then assumed his usual position and listened as it were grimly for a few moments to their talk. Then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice with the groan of a rebellious Titan, ‘How I hate Sunday.’ ‘Granville!’ exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder. ‘I mean in a country house,’ said Lord St. Aldegonde. ‘Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it alone, and I do not dislike it in London, but Sunday in a country house is infernal.’”

We have dilated at some length on the various aspects of Lord Beaconsfield's humour, for it is to our minds far the most important feature of his writings, but after all it is for his daring and dazzling wit that he will universally be remembered. It is, as we have said, a rare quality, and it is also a gift that lives. Wit has wings. A happy phrase becomes a proverb, and the wittier half of a work, like the favourite melodies of a composition, survives the whole. The more will this be likely when the *γνώμη* is to repeat ourselves intellectually true, when fancy jumps with fact. This is, we imagine, the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's wit. It may seem paradoxical to assert of his most popular paradoxes that they are just, but we do so. He, like his Sidonia, “said many things that were strange, yet they instantly appeared to be true.” Be this as it may, wit is certainly the most plentiful element of his later novels. They are confessedly novels of conversation.

“In life surely,” he observes in *Vivian Grey*, “man is not always as monstrously busy as he appears to be in novels and romances ; we are not always in action, not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk about the weather, sometimes about ourselves, oftener about our friends, and as often about our enemies.”

This conversational treatment is an element of their originality. Gradu-

ally as his political and social career became more definite and progressive, the humour in his novels recedes and the wit abounds. The only English prime minister who has been a professed wit, he felt its efficacy as a weapon, used it, and we may add never abused it. Squib, repartee, epigram, and lampoon, all applied by him, have yet never been misapplied to glaze immorality or profane religion. His very sneer is good humour, and if he was in any sense Diogenes, he was certainly a Diogenes who lived out of the tub.

Wit, to classify roughly, is twofold. There is the lightning wit that flashes of a short sentence or an apt reply, and there is the lambent wit that sparkles either by description or dialogue. We shall begin with instances of the first. And here there is scarcely need to quote. Every one knows his aphorisms. The hansom cab, "the gondola of London," and the critics, "the men who have failed;"¹ Tadpole's "Tory men and Whig measures," and Rigby's "Little words in great capitals;" "Don Juan, the style of the House of Commons, *Paradise Lost*, that of the House of Lords;" "All the great things have been done by the little nations" and "Our young Queen and our old constitution," "The Whigs bathing," and, we may add, "London, the key of India;" are household words.

It is in *Coningsby* and *Lothair* that perhaps the best of his apophthegms are found. Thence spring "The government of great measures, or little men of humbug or humdrum;" and "Youth, the trustees of posterity;" "The Austrians, the Chinese of Europe;" and "Diplomatists the Hebrews of politics;" "Paris, the university of the world;" and "St. James's Square, the Faubourg St. Germain of London;" "The gentlemen who played with billiard-balls games that were not billiards;" and "The lady who sacrificed

even her lovers to her friends;" "Most women are vain, some men are not;" and the lawyer who "was not an intellectual Croesus, but had his pockets full of sixpences;" "Pantheism, Atheism in domino;" and "Books, the curse of the human race;" "Pearls are like Girls," and "Malt tax is madness;" of Austria, "two things made her a nation—she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither;" and of the Reform Bill, "It gave to Manchester a bishop and to Birmingham a dandy." But indeed words fully as good as these are to be found throughout. It is time to recall Lord Squib's definition of the value of money, "very dear;" and Count Mirabel's (D'Orsay's) pleasantry, "Coffee and confidence;"² Esper George's "Like all great travellers I have seen more than I remember and remembered more than I have seen;"³ and Popanilla, "The most dandified of savages and the most savage of dandies;" "Venus, the goddess of watering places;"⁴ and "Burlington, with his old loves and new dances;"⁵ "Good fortune with good management, no country house, and no children, is Aladdin's lamp;"⁶ and the "Treatise on a subject in which everybody is interested, in a style no one understands;"⁷ the French actress who avers at supper "No language makes you so thirsty as French;"⁸ and the English tradesmen, who "console themselves for not getting their bills paid by inviting their customers to dinner." The utilitarian whose dogma was, "Rules are general, feelings are general, and property should be general;" and the definition of Liberty, "Do as others do, and never knock men down."⁹ There has been scarcely time to forget the advice in *Lothair* to "go into the country for the first note of the nightingale and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell," or

¹ Compare the *Infernal Marriage*.—"Ixion. 'Are there any critics in Hell?' 'Myriads, rejoined the ex-King of Lydia.'"

² *The Young Duke.*

³ *Vivian Grey.*

⁴ *Ixion in Heaven.*

⁵ *The Young Duke.*

⁶ *Tancred.*

⁷ *Vivian Grey.*

⁸ *The Young Duke.*

⁹ *Popanilla.*

perhaps to remember Zenobia in *Endymion*, "who liked handsome people, even handsome women," and Mr. Ferrars who committed suicide from a "want of imagination." A brace of very witty similes should not be here omitted. The one a comparison of the parliament-built region of Harley Street to "a large family of plain children, with Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents;"¹ the other, that of the detached breakfast-tables at Brentham to "a cluster of Greek or Italian Republics, instead of a great metropolitan table like a central government, absorbing all the genius and resources of society;"² nor should the Heinesque lyric on "Charming Bignetta,"³ with its witty close, be suffered to die away unreechoed:—

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a wicked young rogue is charming
Bignetta!"

She laughs at my shyness, and flirts with
his highness,
Yet still she is charming, that charming
Bignetta!

* * * * *
"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a dear little girl is charming Bi-
gnetta!"

"Think me only a sister," said she trembling
—I kissed her.

What a charming young sister is charming
Bignetta!"

In the same category too are those felicitous turns of terse expression, whether new or newly-shaped, which distinguish Lord Beaconsfield above any other modern novelist. The "Parliamentary Christian," for Protestant, and the "Freetrader in Gossip" for the bad listener in *Lothair*, the "Midland sea," for the Mediterranean in *Tancred* and *Venetia*, the figure of *unbuttoning one's brains*,⁴ and the jingle "plundered and blundered," of *Coningsby*, the "Heresy of cutlets," from *Venetia*, the "ortolans stuffed with truffles and the truffles with ortolans" from *Endymion*, the "con-

fused explanations and explained confusions," from *Popanilla*. The terms "Stateswoman" and "Aneidotage," "Melancholy ocean" and "Batavian grace," remind us that Benjamin Disraeli is the son of an author he has himself portrayed as sauntering on his garden terrace meditating some happy phrase.

It still remains for us to advert to the wit of sustained sparkle rather than of sudden flashes. Of this there is an admirable specimen in *Tancred*. Lady Constance is alluding to "The Revelations of Chaos," a tract on Evolution.

" . . . It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapour—the cream of the Milky Way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light. You must read it; it is charming."

" . . . Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

" . . . Perhaps not; you must read the Revelations. It is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You know all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something, then—I forget the next. I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next—Never mind that—we came, and the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it, we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. . . . Everything is proved by geology, you know. . . . This is development; we had fins, we may have wings."

This passage is not only wit, but humour also, according as we regard the speaker or the speech, and as both combined as in fact "West-Oriental," irresistible. Or again, Herbert in *Venetia*:—

" . . . I doubt whether a man at fifty is the same material being that he is at five-and-twenty."

" . . . I wonder," said Lord Cadurcis, "if a creditor brought an action against you at fifty for goods sold and delivered at five-and-twenty one could set up the want of identity as a plea in bar; it would be a consolation to an elderly gentleman."

Or the lady's reasoning on the Gulf Stream theory:—

" . . . I think we want more evidence of a change. The Vice-Chancellor and I went

¹ *Tancred*.

² *Lothair*.

³ *The Young Duke*.

⁴ This expression is Beethoven's.

down to a place we have near town on Saturday where there is a very nice piece of water, indeed, some people call it a lake. My boys wanted to skate, but that I would not permit.'

"You believe in the Gulf Stream to that extent," said Lothair, "no skating."

Or once more, a piece of raillery from *Vivian Grey*:—

"What a pity, Miss Manvers, that the fashion has gone out of selling oneself to the devil."

"Good gracious, Mr. Grey!"

"On my honour I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity; what a capital plan for younger brothers. It is a kind of ching I have been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitchfork."

Or the report of the debate in the House of Lords "imposing particularly if we take a part in it."

"Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these full of confidence in the nation and himself. When the debate was getting heavy Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts."¹

Or the comparison of the Tories who supported Peel in his defection to the converted Saxons by Charlemagne:—

"When the Emperor appeared, instead of conquering he converted them. How were they converted? In battalions—the old chronicler informs us *they were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons*. It was utterly impossible to bring these individuals from a state of reprobation to one of grace with a celerity sufficiently quick."²

And last, though decidedly not least the dictum of Mendez Pinto:—

"English is an expressive language, but

not difficult to master. Its range is limited; it consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore,' and some grammarians add 'fond.'"

And now we have done. Whatever the divergencies of opinion on the literary merit of Lord Beaconsfield—and this rests with the best critic, posterity—it is at least unquestionable that in wit and humour he never flags. There are those who have called him dull, but they are dullards. The Boetians could hardly have proved fair judges of Aristophanes.

But our object in this article has been to vindicate a much higher honour for Lord Beaconsfield than any such mere cleverness. We have endeavoured to prove that not only does he "sparkle with epigram and blaze with repartee" of unusual brilliance, but that his humour, necessarily hampered as it was by his surroundings and his aims, can boast keen insight and original manipulation; that the *bizarre* and the *frivolous* is the mere froth on its surface—unessential and evanescent, and that as a wit and a humorist he is now, by the prerogative of death, classical. Nor is the least enduring of the wreaths heaped upon his bier that he always, and in the best manner, amused us while he instructed, and instructed us while he amused.

His wit and his humour offer a complete refutation to the Shakespearian adage, "When the age is in the wit is out," for he preserved them youthful as a septuagenarian, and they in requital shall preserve his memory ever vivid and vigorous.

"Alas! poor Yorick, where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?" may exclaim one who discerns only in Lord Beaconsfield, the Court Jester. Our rejoinder shall be that of truth and reverence,

"He being dead yet speaketh."

WALTER SYDNEY SICHEL.

¹ *The Young Duke.*

² Speech on the Repeal of the Corn Laws, May 15, 1846.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"ONCE more the quiet years, From their long slumber leap," and England, after a silence of ten generations, is engaged in revising her Bible. Between 1526 and 1611 new translations, partial or complete, were constantly coming forth. From 1611 down to very recent times, there was nothing of the kind. The authorised version seemed to share the immutability of the solar system; partly, no doubt, because it was an authorised version—or rather was supposed to be so, for, as a matter of fact, it never was formally authorised either by Crown or Parliament, or Convocation—and partly perhaps because, of the two parties which so long divided the Church, the one was less occupied with the words of the Bible than with the formularies derived from them, while the other regarded those words with an exaggerated reverence which would have shrunk from the idea of amendment as a profanation. Is the present movement a sign that these two great parties have somewhat modified their views, or that their exclusive domination is no more? However this may be, it affords a fitting occasion for recalling some of the leading points in the history of our English Bible.

And first, as to the name. It may be asked, What's in a name? but every one who has reflected at all on the subject, knows how powerfully names may influence thought. The late Mr. Charles Buxton, in his *Notes of Thought*, speaks of it as nothing short of a national calamity that the record of our Saviour's life and teaching should be designated by the word "Gospel," a word which has to the mass of those who hear it no significance or "connotation," instead of by the word "Good tidings." Perhaps this is not a very strong case; for it may be maintained that "Gospel" does

carry with it a meaning to those who think at all; and further that to express any complex phenomenon of world-wide importance there must be one word set apart and withdrawn from its ordinary uses; that to fit it for its great mission it must pass through a process analogous to that by which a corn of wheat dies, and by dying becomes capable of bringing forth much fruit. At all events, if "Gospel" has the negative defect of *suppressio veri*, it is at least free from the far graver fault of *suggestio falsi*.

It is not so with an allied term, "Religion." Whatever may be the etymology of the Latin *religio*—and Max Müller agrees with Cicero in deriving it from *re-legere*, the opposite of *negligere*, to express thoughtfulness, the opposite of carelessness—it will hardly be denied that in nine out of ten cases where it occurs it carries with it an evil flavour of unmanly fear, seeking refuge in slavish service. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum* is the line which it at once recalls to every scholar. And this even in its English form it has never quite lost. In the Bible, "religion" and "religious" are very rarely used, and never in their best—if even in a good—sense. Their distinctive use is as the equivalents of *θρησκεία* and *θρησκός*, as in James i. 26, 27, where the whole object of the writer is to impress on his disciples how unworthy of God is the idea of His service which underlies those words. And though "religion" is now enthroned on the lips and in the hearts of men as the recognised name for the highest aspiration of the human soul towards God, it is constantly betraying its meaner origin, not only in such phrases as "Sister — in religion," "the religious order," "a religious," but also, though less

obviously, in many others, as when we speak of "the religious life," as something distinct from the godly, righteous, and sober life after which every true Christian strives. Who shall say how much in this case, as in others, the mortal word may have clogged the immortal thought; to how great an extent a good cause may have suffered from the imperfection of a watchword, misleading those within the camp as to the true strength of their position, and keeping out many who might have been within it?

The name "Bible," as applied to the Holy Scriptures, is perhaps open to some objection of a similar kind, as tending to make us forget their multifarious character; that what we are speaking of is not one book but a collection of books; how else, indeed, could it have fitted into every part of human life, every corner of the human heart? "Bibliotheca sacra," Jerome calls it, the holy library; and the early English form of it was "biblioþece." It was through the Normans that "Bible" came to us; the neuter plural *Biblia* having been, according to a well-known law, changed into the feminine singular. There is, however, a very real and important sense in which the Scriptures are one; and there is some advantage in a title which brings this prominently forward. Only it is the more necessary constantly to remind ourselves that their unity is that of a literature and not of a book, and can never be fully realised but by those who appreciate their diversity.

The title of "New Testament" for the Christian Scriptures is happily as appropriate, as it was inevitable from the moment when St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians,¹ spoke of the Hebrew Scriptures (or at least the earlier portion of them) as the "Old Testament"; and it seems hardly credible that the Christian Church should at one time have hesitated between it and the "New Instrument." The Greek word represented here by

¹ 2 Cor. iii. 14.

Testament means properly a "disposition" or "arrangement"; but it is often used in a special sense, to mean an arrangement made by one who is leaving the world, for the benefit of his friends. In the phrase "New Testament" is reproduced and perpetuated that inextricable confusion of the general with the special sense which is found in more than one passage of the Gospels and Epistles. And carrying thus with it a meaning which hovers between "a merciful arrangement" and a "loving friend's bequest," what name could be more happy for the written record of our Saviour's utterances respecting the relations between God and Man?

But what is this English Bible of which we speak, and how have its contents come to be what they are? It is clear that before such a book can be produced at least three distinct processes must be gone through. The Canon of Scripture must be settled; the Text must be ascertained; and that text must be translated. Of these processes the first has hitherto received comparatively little attention in this country. Even the valuable labours of Canon Westcott have awakened but a faint interest in the subject. The vast majority of students of the Bible are quite content to take it, in this respect, as it is; putting aside, as to them of no moment, any doubts which they may hear expressed as to the canonicity, for instance, of the Song of Solomon, or of the 2nd Epistle of St. Peter. Nor is there anything surprising in this indifference. Extremes meet; and as in the early days of Christianity, with the sound of the Apostolic voices still ringing in their ears, men felt no need of a Canon, and none was formed until the persecution of Diocletian, acting as a re-agent, threw it into shape, so the solvent of the modern spirit has taken something both from the definiteness of the Canon then formed, and from its authority. Men feel that the question whether a certain book was or was not included in the Carthaginian Cata-

logue, or quoted by Origen as Scripture, is to them of little importance compared with the question whether its contents are good to the use of edifying.

It is not very many years since the same, or nearly the same, might have been said of the Text. If the spuriousness of the passage about the Three Witnesses¹ was too patent to be denied, this was treated as an isolated and exceptional accident. Or if the subject of various readings generally was brought forward, it was set aside by a reference to the remark of a celebrated critic, that all the various readings that had ever been suggested, however ingeniously they might be twisted, "could not so disguise Christianity but that every feature of it will still be the same." But, so far as the New Testament is concerned, a succession of Biblical scholars—notably, Lachmann and Tischendorf, with their rare mastery of diplomatic lore, and Dean Alford, with his unrivalled industry and candour in collecting, and sifting, and popularising the results of more original labourers—have changed all this; and readers who do not know a word of Greek have been put in possession of all the facts, and called in, so to speak, to assist in the formation of an improved text. Few of us, it may be, have ever handled a Greek MS. of the New Testament, but "every schoolboy" now knows that there are three such MSS. of primary authority; one of the fourth century, discovered in our time by Tischendorf at Mount Sinai, and now at St. Petersburg; another, also of the fourth century, which lay *perdu* in the Vatican for 300 years, and has only recently been fully published; the third, of the fifth century, presented to Charles I. by a Patriarch of Constantinople, and now one of the treasures of the British Museum. Next to these, if not quite in the same line, are to be placed the Paris MS., probably of the fifth century, which was brought to France by Catherine de' Medicis; and

the one which, just 300 years ago, was presented by Beza to the University of Cambridge, containing only the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. After these, but at a great distance from them in value, come about thirty MSS., or fragments of MSS., reaching down to the eleventh century. All those that have been mentioned are written in the great *uncial* or capital character. There is a much larger number of others, of much later date, in the small character called *cursive*, or running. In addition to these MSS. of the Greek text, there are a great many versions—Alford refers to as many as fifty—in various languages, and of very various ages, the oldest being the Syriac Peshito, supposed to be of the second century. Lastly there has been collected from a long succession of the Fathers of the Church, several of whom wrote as early as the second century, a vast number of passages in which the words of the New Testament are either expressly quoted or distinctly referred to.

Amid this great variety of authorities there exists, as might be expected, a great diversity of texts, from which the true and original text has to be picked out. The broad principles on which this is to be done are in themselves sufficiently obvious. *Ceteris paribus*, that reading is to be preferred, as most likely to represent the words actually used by the evangelist or the apostle, which is found in the earliest MSS., the earliest versions, the earliest quotations. That reading is to be preferred which has the support of the greatest number of independent authorities; for the mere multiplication of them, when they are clearly derived from each other or from a common source, adds nothing to their weight. That reading is to be preferred which gives a sense most in conformity with the modes of thought and expression which characterise the particular writer. A peculiar or difficult reading is deserving of attention in proportion to its singularity or

¹ 1 John v. 7, 8.

difficulty, unless it can be traced to some probable working of the mind of the copyist, or some natural tendency of his pen.

But if the rules are easy to state, they are often very difficult to apply. Provoking conflicts of evidence arise. The witnesses who ought to know best disagree among themselves, or are contradicted by a host of others nearly as well informed; or their story is inconsistent with itself, or with known facts; nor is it always easy even to make out what they say. It needs the skill and patience of a trained judge to get at the truth. Happily for us, judicial intellects of no mean order have been employed upon the task, and the results have been for some time before the general public. By the aid of such books as Alford's *New Testament for English Readers*, Bagster's *Critical New Testament*, and the Tauchnitz edition of the same,¹ the least learned among us are in a position to form some idea how far the Text from which the Authorised Version was made, a Text based on MSS. of which none is older than the tenth century, is susceptible of amendment.

Subsequent, in theory, to the settlement of the Text, but generally in fact *pari passu* with it, comes the work of translating it. This is not the place for more than the briefest notice of the chief English translations of the New Testament. Three of them stand out prominently from among the others: Wycliffe's, published in 1381; Tyndale's in 1526; and the Authorised Version in 1611. What the dawn is to the sunrise, Wycliffe's work was to Tyndale's. It would be difficult to exaggerate its historical importance, or its interest in connection with the character of the man, and the enlightened patriotism of his aims. But it was one of those dawns which are soon overclouded with a darkness that has to be dispelled afresh when the sun reaches the horizon. Before Tyndale's

version came forth Wycliffe's had almost entirely disappeared out of the land; owing chiefly, no doubt, to the cruel vigour employed in suppressing it, but partly also to the great change which, in the interval, had passed over the English language. Tyndale was born about 1480, and therefore had the benefit of the general revival of learning which followed upon the taking of Constantinople in 1453, and the consequent dispersion of Greek scholars and Greek books throughout the West. He had also, as compared with his great predecessor, the inestimable advantages of a formed language in which to write, and a printing press to give at once currency and stability to his writings. With these aids, and "giving his life royally," if ever man did, to his self-imposed task, he produced a work which is for all time. His translation of the New Testament, the first ever made into English direct from the original Greek, though it has been often altered and revised, not always for the better, is still "substantially the Bible with which we are familiar," with the "peculiar genius, if 'such a word may be permitted, 'which breathes through it, its mingled 'tenderness and majesty, its Saxon 'simplicity, its preternatural grandeur."²

It is painful to think how this noble gift and its donor were treated during his lifetime, not indeed by the English people, but by its rulers; how he lived an exile, and died at the stake, praying with his last breath, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." A few months more, and the prayer would have been a thanksgiving; for in 1537, the year following his martyrdom, Coverdale's complete Bible, containing a New Testament based mainly on Tyndale's, was published in England, "set forth with the kynge's most gracious license."

From that date the license has never been withdrawn, except during Queen Mary's reign; an exception which furnishes an interesting and

¹ For a short notice of this book, see No. 119 of this Magazine, Sept. 1869.

² Froude's *History of England*, iii. 84.

instructive episode in the history of the subject. For in that dark time a number of English scholars, finding themselves debarred at home from the free use of the Scriptures, congregated at Geneva, and there, in the city of Calvin, and under the influence of his teaching, produced a translation commonly known as the Geneva Bible, but sometimes called, owing to a peculiar rendering of Genesis iii. 21, the "Breeches" Bible. Of course it could not be kept out of England, or from passing on to Scotland; but having to be introduced surreptitiously and under difficulties, it obtained all the firmer hold on the minds and affections of the people; so strong a hold that the Bishops' Bible, published in 1568, quite failed to displace it, and its use only died out in the time of Charles I., after the appearance of the Authorised Version. Its effects survived, first in the bias of British theology towards Puritanism and Independence, and secondly in the fusion of the English and Scottish forms of speech, which have never since been so distinct as they were before the Genevan New Testament was published in Edinburgh in 1576.

It was partly with a view to getting rid of this Bible, and its notes, "savouring too much of dangerous and traitorous conceits," that James I. was induced to issue his *stat*, in 1604, for "one uniform translation," without comments. A committee of about fifty translators was at once appointed—the most learned that could be found in Oxford and Cambridge—and after about seven years they issued a translation which before long superseded all others, and has been known for 270 years as the Authorised Version.

It is no light thing to touch an heirloom of so many generations; and no one can wonder that when the question of a fresh revision was first mooted about a quarter of a century ago, many heads were shaken, and faint hearts shrank from the possible consequences of publicly admitting that our Bible fell short of absolute

perfection. Some reassurance came with the reflection that the contemporaneous existence of two different versions of the Psalms—one in the Bible, the other in the Prayer-book—had not prevented their being an unfailing fountain of comfort to devout hearts; nay, that the double translation, acting like a stereoscope, often made the meaning stand out in greater clearness and fulness to the mental eye. And it was soon observed that the numerous specimens of retranslation which issued in various shapes from the press—the most important of them the work of one whose labours in connection with the text have been already mentioned, Dean Alford—while almost demonstrating the necessity of some alteration, showed at the same time within how narrow limits it would, in competent hands, be confined. Thus the world heard with great equanimity, if not with cordial satisfaction, in February, 1870, that it had been formally resolved in the Upper House of Convocation to appoint a Revision Committee. It was among the last of the many excellent movements set on foot or headed by the inexhaustibly versatile energy of Bishop Wilberforce; who, having once started it, wisely left it to be conducted by others of more solid learning and more specially devoted to the cause than himself. Two companies were formed—one to revise the Old, the other the New, Testament; the latter (with which alone we are now concerned) consisting of 25 specialists in Biblical Criticism, representing almost every section of British Christians with the exception of the Romanists, and aided by a Secretary worthy of such a Board. Within a few months the work was taken in hand, and pursued with a steady perseverance beyond all praise. Before long, however, there arose the question, How were the inevitable expenses to be borne? Private subscriptions could not be counted upon; still less a subsidy from Government. The great printing presses of Oxford

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and Cambridge stepped into the breach, and by purchasing the copyright supplied the necessary funds. *Non homines, non Di, sed concessere columnæ.*

And now, within the last few days, the results of their ten years' labours have been given to the world. What is the character of this Revised Version, and how far is it fitted to fill the place to which it aspires?

It would obviously be impossible, on so short acquaintance, and in a limited space, to give an adequate answer to these questions. All that can be attempted here is to notice a few of the features which *sautent aux yeux.*

To the eye or ear familiar with the old version it will be at once apparent that the number of alterations is very great. By the Chairman himself, in his address to Convocation, it was stated to amount, in some parts, to an average of 3 for every verse, one-tenth of them being due to changes of Text. Let us consider first those which belong to this smaller class.

"A revision of the Greek Text," say the Revisers in their preface, "was the necessary foundation of our 'work; but it did not fall within our 'province to construct a continuous 'and complete Greek Text." A complete edition, however, of the Text which underlies their version has been published by one of their number, Archdeacon Palmer, with all the displaced readings set out at the foot of the page.¹ A large proportion of these displacements cannot be said to be of any great importance. It

is well known that the Text from which the old version was made contained a multitude of words and phrases and even sentences not found in the old MSS., and introduced apparently into the later copies, in the long course of successive transcriptions, either by mere inadvertence, or with the object of pointing or explaining the acknowledged meaning. Connecting particles like "and" and "but" were freely inserted; "he said" was expanded into "he answered and said"; the name of the speaker was substituted for the pronoun "he." Often a few words which helped to bring out the meaning more fully were brought in from a parallel passage; or a note which had been written on the margin of an old MS. was incorporated by a copyist into the Text of his copy.

It was inevitable that these interpolations should be discarded, and their omission is in most cases quite unimportant. A few of them, however, will be missed. Thus, St. Luke's version of the Lord's Prayer suffers greatly by losing the words "which art in Heaven," "Thy will be done as in Heaven so in earth," "but deliver us from temptation." It will be observed, however, that these words are retained in the parallel passage in St. Matthew's Gospel, from which they appear to have been imported into St. Luke's. Similar omissions will be noticed in some of the accounts of the Last Supper; but here also the combined result of all the accounts remains unaltered. A marked instance of a note improperly embodied in the text is the fourth verse of John v., containing an unauthorised, though probably early explanation, from the writer's point of view, of the flocking of the sick, blind, halt, and withered to the pool of Bethesda. This is now restored to its proper place in the margin. The thirty-seventh verse of Acts viii. is not found in the best MSS., but was apparently added in perfect good faith as expressing what was necessarily implied in the narra-

¹ Simultaneously with this, but quite independently of it, has come forth the long expected edition of the Greek Text, by two other Revisers, Canon Westcott and Dr. Hort, —the fruit, we believe, of a quarter of a century's labours—to which is appended an extremely valuable summary of the contents of an Introduction which is to follow, on "the true principles of textual criticism generally, and the leading results which follow from their application to the New Testament." *The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The text revised by B. F. Westcott, D.D., and F. J. Hort, D.D. Crown 8vo. Macmillan and Co., 1881. Truly this is a jubilee year for English Biblical students.

tive of the Eunuch's baptism by Philip. It is relegated to the margin in the new version. The same fate has befallen the so-called Doxology, in Matthew vi. 13. It has happened also to words which, in some respects, cannot so well be spared; those in which (Luke ix. 55, 56) our Lord rebukes His disciples for proposing to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans, saying "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of: for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them"; words which are less likely to have been put into our Lord's mouth without authority, than to have been omitted from the original Gospel records along with those many sayings and doings which would have filled more books than the world could have contained.

Some passages of considerable interest and importance are retained in the text, but with a note to show that their authenticity is doubted. Prominent among these is the last part of the last chapter of St. Mark, which does not occur in the best MSS., and which, consisting of little more than an epitome of facts already recorded elsewhere, and differing widely in point of language from the rest of the book, is not likely, whatever may be its origin, to be the writing of St. Mark. This may be a relief to some on whose ears the 16th verse of that chapter, as given in the old version, has grated harshly. On the other hand many will regret to find the note of spuriousness attached to that striking passage at the beginning of the 8th chapter of St. John—the story of the Woman taken in adultery—which, as has been truly said, of all the incidents in the New Testament, "most clearly embodies the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplies us with the most precious traits of His personal manners." It seems hardly possible to doubt that it is a contemporary record of a real incident: whether, as some maintain, really written by St. John and suppressed from an idea that it might lead to

making light of sin, or, as others somewhat strangely suppose, a fragment that has got loose from the end of Luke xxi. and strayed into this place. There is even a doubt, which one would fain treat, with Alford, as of no moment, regarding the authenticity of the words recorded in our version of Luke xxiii. 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" words, says Renan, which if they were not on the lips of Jesus, were certainly in his heart.

To one passage of importance in the old version the Revisers accord no place in text or margin, viz., the verse, already referred to, in 1st John v. 7, 8, concerning the Three Witnesses, which has no support either from ancient Greek MSS. or ancient versions. Nor have they, apparently, seen sufficient ground for bestowing any notice on the words which in one MS. of great authority, and one only, are found after the 4th verse of Luke vi., words pregnant with the highest wisdom—"On the same day having seen a certain man working on the Sabbath, He said unto him, Man, if thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law." It seems almost as if they must have been in St. Paul's mind when he wrote to the Romans (xiv. 22, 23), "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

One large class of textual alterations consists of cases in which errors had crept into the received Text by the substitution of one word for another, generally owing to similarity between them either in shape or in sound; for it appears probable that the copying was often done by dictation. For instance, it is remarkable how often, especially in the Epistles, "you," and "your" have been substituted for "we" "us" and "our," or *vice versa*, and perhaps still more remarkable

how seldom the sense of the passage is materially affected by the substitution. The restoration of the true reading in these cases is almost always a gain to the reader. A few instances may here be given, not as by any means the most important, but as fair specimens of a large class.

In the opening words of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew it is a decided improvement to have the general term *righteousness*.—"Take heed that ye do 'not your righteousness before men'—instead of the particular *alms*; which finds its proper place in the following verses, along with prayer and fasting, as one of the special forms of the kind of "righteousness" which is here spoken of.

In the account of the transfiguration as given by St. Matthew, we now find St. Peter saying "If thou wilt *I will make* here three tabernacles," which is more characteristic of his impetuosity and self-confidence than the old reading, "Let us make."

In the account given by St. Mark of the father who brought his son to have a dumb and deaf spirit cast out, in answer to the father's piteous appeal "If thou canst do anything have pity upon us and help us," Jesus is made, in the old version, to say, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." There is more of vividness and point in the new reading, according to which our Lord repeats in a tone of reproachful surprise the words of doubt: "If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth."

In 2 Corinthians xii. 1, it seems certainly more in St. Paul's manner to write, "I must needs glory, though it is not expedient," than to write "It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory."

But it is time to turn to that which is, after all, the most important part of the book, and consider the numerous alterations made, not on grounds of textual criticism, but as improved renderings. The difficulty of this part of the work can hardly be exaggerated.

The "five clergymen" who tried it in a partial and tentative manner about twenty-five years ago, were fain to confess that they found it a difficulty such as was "scarcely capable of being entirely surmounted." The more credit to them, let us say heartily, that they should have persevered in their arduous undertaking. For to them, and more especially to the prime mover among them, the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, it is mainly due that the present revision was ever taken in hand; and to him apparently the Revisers are chiefly indebted for the admirable directions under which they have acted, as well as for the contagious example of his indefatigable zeal and conscientious thoroughness of work. For more than ten years they laboured; 407 sittings were held, of which the Chairman attended at all but two; seven times the translation was revised; twice it crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, to obtain the benefit of suggestions from American coadjutors. The judicious character of the directions on which they proceeded has been already noticed. The reverence with which they took up the time-honoured version committed to them for revision is expressed in their preface in the strongest manner: "The longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learnt to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm."

Nor can any one find fault with their description of the ideal which they kept before them: to produce "a Version that shall be alike literal and idiomatic, faithful to each thought of the original, and yet, in the expression of it, harmonious and free." Neither is our confidence in them diminished by the candour of the concluding words in which they express their consciousness that their own ideal has not been perfectly realised. "While we dare to hope that in places not a few of the New Testament the

"introduction of slight changes has "cast a new light upon much that was "difficult and obscure, we cannot for- "get how often we have failed in "expressing some finer shades of mean- "ing which we recognised in the "original, how often idiom has stood "in the way of a perfect rendering, "and how often the attempt to pre- "serve a familiar form of words, or "even a familiar cadence, has only "added another perplexity to those "which already beset us."

A work conceived in such a spirit, and carried through with so much industry by a set of men so abundantly qualified for it both individually and collectively, is not to be disposed of in a few sentences of hasty criticism. And yet, under the shelter of St. Paul's "I must needs, though it is not expedient," it may be permitted even at this early period to offer a few remarks which, if necessarily superficial and "sporadic," are at least made in no captious vein.

A translator has two distinct duties: he has to make out the meaning of his author so as to be able, if necessary, to explain it in paraphrase or periphrasis; and he has to clothe that meaning in suitable language. The one is the province of the scholar, who must, in a case like this, be also a theologian; the other, considering the conditions under which this translation had to be made, demanded the skill of a consummate literary artist. Of the first part of the task it may be said emphatically that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Twenty-four men, including at least four—the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol and of Durham, and the Deans of Westminster and Llandaff—whose previous publications show a life-long study of the subject, having at their command all the vast resources of modern learning, working in cordial co-operation, and repeatedly revising each other's suggestions, were not likely to go far astray in their corporate and collective judgment. It will probably be allowed on all

hands that in this point of view, as correcting the acknowledged errors in the Old Version, removing ambiguities, giving a meaning where there was none, and setting forth, either in text or margin, the most probable interpretation of obscure and difficult passages, the New Version deserves our cordial gratitude, and leaves in fact little, if anything, to be desired. We no longer read, in Philippians ii. 6, that Jesus "thought it not robbery" to be equal with God, which is manifestly wrong, but that He "counted it not a prize," or, as explained in the margin, "a thing to be grasped at." In Acts vii. 45, and Hebrews iv. 8, it is made clear that Joshua is meant, and not our Lord. In 1 Timothy vi. 5, instead of "supposing that gain is godliness," which has no meaning, we have "supposing that godliness is a way of gain," which has a meaning exactly suited to the context. Such chapters as Romans vii., 2 Corinthians iii., may now be read with as full comprehension as we can ever hope to attain of the scope of their argument; for in St. Paul's writings there will probably always remain to us, in any translation, as to St. Peter in the original, "some things not easy to be understood."

But when it comes to clothing in suitable language the ascertained meaning, numbers are no longer an advantage; indeed, it may be doubted whether any composition of a high order in point of literary form was ever produced by co-operation. The Authorised Version may be cited as an example; but it does not appear that the Authorised Version was the result of any real "discussion in common"; and Mr. Froude is probably right in attributing, as he does in the passage already referred to, its peculiar grace to "the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale." It has always been a marvel that this charm has been so little impaired by the revisions which his work has already undergone; and it seemed more

than could be hoped that it should survive the "corporate and collective" correction of twenty-four zealous hands. And yet it will probably be admitted by every candid reader that in the New Version it has been preserved in a manner truly admirable; that in spite of all the multitudinous changes, the general character and tone and hue of the book is practically unaltered.

The real question which will be asked by all, most pressingly by those who have the greatest verbal familiarity with our present Bible, is whether all these many changes were really necessary; whether, to use the words of the first of the rules laid down for the guidance of the revisers, they have "introduced as few alterations as possible, consistently with 'faithfulness.'

There are probably few persons who will not be disposed, at least on a first perusal, to answer this question unfavourably. Take a few instances out of many thousands. If some of them are in themselves trifling, this makes them only the more to the point. The passage to which every one will turn, on first opening the book, is the Lord's Prayer. The alterations there made in consequence of change of text have been already noticed; for them the translators, as such, are hardly responsible. Two others may fairly be said to have been demanded by "faithfulness." "Have forgiven" is undoubtedly a more correct rendering than "forgive," and the substitution of "the evil one" for "evil," is at least important, and rests on substantial grounds of criticism. There is indeed nothing in the Greek to show whether the word is masculine or neuter; but in preferring that alternative which is least consonant to modern ideas, the Revisers may well have been influenced by the fact that the word here used in the Syriac Peshito, the earliest of all the versions, and therefore the most likely to represent the ideas of Apostolic times, is one which is invariably applied to a person, never to an

abstraction. But why should the familiar "lead us not into temptation" have been changed into "bring," which conveys, for all practical purposes, precisely the same idea? On the other hand it may be asked, by way of parenthesis, in connexion with the same passage, why no notice is taken either in text or margin of an alternative of some importance in the punctuation. There are those to whom both the turn of the thought and the form of the expression, especially when exhibited to the eye as in Westcott and Hort's edition, appear to demand that the words "as in heaven so on earth" should be connected with the two first petitions as well as with the third; so that the common burden and, so to speak, the point of all this first part of the prayer should be an aspiration after a heavenly life on earth; that on earth as in heaven God's name should be hallowed, His Kingdom established, His will done. With full stops after *name* and *come* this is impossible; but commas would have left the question open. Perhaps the Revisers would have objected to this, on the principle, with which no one can quarrel, of "never leaving [in the text] any translation or any arrangement of words which could adapt itself to one or other of two interpretations." But the alternative might at least have been mentioned in the margin, as other variations of punctuation are.

To return to sins of commission. Why should "Ye shall know them by their fruits," in Matthew vii. 16, have been exchanged for "By their fruits ye shall know them"? No doubt the latter is in accordance with the order of the original words; but in translation keeping the order of the original words is always a question of discretion and taste, often of ear. In this case the ear of the old translators would seem to have required the one arrangement of words in the 16th verse to balance the other in the 20th. Whether they were right or

wrong in the matter of taste, may be a question; but can it be said that "faithfulness" required that they should be corrected? In the 24th verse of the same chapter the Old Version had, "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine:" was it really necessary to alter this into "Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine"?

Instances of these trifling and apparently gratuitous alterations might be multiplied to any extent; but there is one of more interest and importance which must be separately noticed. After the Sermon on the Mount, there is probably no passage in the New Testament which so many people know by heart as the description of charity in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. In the New Version there will find the familiar word gone, and "love" substituted for it. The proper translation of the word *ἀγάπη* is an old subject of dispute. Bacon, as is well known, objected to the use of the word "love" for it, as being already appropriated to *ἔρως*. Professor Eadie tells us that "the rendering *love* was adduced, in the Scottish Parliament of 1543, as an objection to the free circulation of Scripture."¹ It was one of the handles for Sir T. More's coarse and bitter vituperation of Tyndale. His defence of it was that "Charity was *no known English* "for that sense which Agape requireth." Times have changed since then, and with them the sense of many a word; for words are not dead matter, but, like men, they insensibly change their character, and develop new powers according to the positions which they fill. "Charity" is not the same word as it was in 1611. During the 270 years for which it has occupied its present place in the Authorised Version, associations have grown up around it which make it, to the feeling of many, *the only "known English* for that sense which Agape requireth" in the passages in which

it occurs; and its suppression now in these passages cannot be accounted for except as the result of some unhappy theory of inconsistency and uniformity.

But these and like instances are not required to show how warm is the attachment of the Revisers to uniformity. It is sufficiently declared in that part of their Preface which refers to "alterations necessary *by consequence*," which should be studied by any one who wishes to see how they have persuaded themselves that such alterations, "though not in themselves required by the general rule of faithfulness," are nevertheless "not at variance with the rule of introducing as few changes as faithfulness would allow." It may be doubted how far their reasoning on this point will satisfy the majority of their readers. To Englishmen in general—and it is for Englishmen that the book may be supposed to be primarily intended—uniformity for its own sake has no charm. On the contrary, they have a positive weakness for anomaly, one phase of which is that love of inequality which Mr. Gladstone recognises in them. In literary compositions certainly they like, or used to like, variety of expression, as conducing to strength and richness of style, and indirectly to fulness and freedom of thought. The idea of guarding against "unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words," though it may have a comical sound when solemnly propounded by a body of grave translators, is quite in keeping with the national humour. Add to this that the ordinary Englishman, whatever may be his political creed, is, in matters of sentiment, highly conservative, and we have a twofold reason for fearing that in proportion to the degree in which uniformity has in this Revision been insisted upon at the cost of changes otherwise unnecessary, will be the length of time that must elapse before it will be taken home, if ever it is taken home, to the hearts of the people.

¹ *The English Bible*, i. 190: a mine of information on the whole subject.

In the meantime many will be watching its course with keen interest, and perhaps endeavouring to cast its horoscope. The circumstances under which it is launched on the world are in some respects very different from those of its great predecessor. On the one hand the Bible of 1611 had, though in no strictly formal shape, Royal authority, whereas the New Version, as we have been warned by the Metropolitan Bishop, cannot legally be used in any church, so that it will not really be a case of what has been termed "competitive circulation." Again, the former was brought out with the declared object of putting a stop to disputes and rivalries among contending Versions; the latter comes as a Claimant, to disturb a peaceful possession of three centuries duration.

On the other hand, the very length of the reign of the present version is an argument in favour of some change; while both the lapse of time, and the great revolutions of thought and criticism in recent years, made it certain beforehand that this revision would be a greater advance on its predecessors than any one of them was on those which preceded it. At the same time the enormous number of copies of it which have gone forth to all the ends of the earth, secure for it, better than any royal proclamation, a large audience, and a fair if not a favourable hearing. By many who are not prepared to receive it as a Bible, it will be welcomed as a handy-volume commentary, giving, in convenient form, the net results of the latest criticism. It has been suggested that it should, as was the case with the Bishops' Bible, remain, so to speak, on the stocks for a few years, to receive such corrections as may appear

necessary after the searching examination to which it is sure to be submitted. And though, from the proceedings in Convocation, it would appear that the Revisers consider themselves and are considered as *functi officio*, the world no doubt would welcome the announcement that they were willing to remain in office until the Committee of the Whole House, to which their Bill has been referred, shall have made its report.

What will be the upshot of that Report it would be rash to predict. "Man's first word," says one of the Brothers in *Guesses at Truth*, "is Yes, his second No, his third and last Yes." It may be that many whose first feeling about this New Version was one of unmixed admiration of its great excellencies, and delight at finding the general character of the old Bible so loyally preserved, may on closer inspection be provoked and repelled by the great amount of liberty taken with the old text in matters of detail, the multitude of alterations which will appear to them uncalled for and pedantic. And yet, in the third stage they may come to reflect that this is, after all, an offence rather against rules prescribed by the Convocation of Canterbury than against any permanent and essential canons of literary taste; that the inconvenience of these changes would not outlive a generation, while the benefit of them, if they are improvements at all, would be permanent; and their third and last judgment may be that in aiming at ultimate permanence rather than at immediate acceptance, the Revisers have shown themselves not only true to a higher ideal, but wiser, even in their generation, than either their employers or their critics.

THEODORE WALROND.